EDWARDINA,

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

DEDICATED TO

MRS. SOUTER JOHNSTON.

BY

CATHERINE HARRIS.

"How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is, to have a thankleſs child!"

"In yon ruin ſome ſpirit dwells, that hears and anſwers!"

VOL. II.

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EDWARDINA.

LETTER I.

Mrs. Auckland to Edwardina Auckland.

I ADDRESS you, my deareſt Edwardina, from Tregelly Farm. We found my uncle in flannels, and on crutches; but the ſmile of benignity irradiated his countenance, and the cheering ſounds of

kindly hoſpitality iſſued from his lips: he gave me the welcome of a father, and I could no where perceive the formality of the hoſt.

Nothing can be more ſweetly romantic than the farm; the houſe is neat, commodious, and comfortable; the gardens extenſive, and abounding with all that can gratify the taſte, or pleaſe the eye; the ſurrounding fields promiſe the bleſſings of rewarding plenty to induſtry; and while peace and hoſpitality preſide, innocence and piety gladden and exalt the whole.

The

The dwelling is ſituated in a beautiful and fertile valley, through which a bold river meanders; after ruſhing over a ridge of rocks, which, at a diſtance, ſounds like the daſhing of a cataract, it diſembogues its foaming torrent into a wide arm of the ocean. At no great diſtance, on a commanding eminence, ſtands an ancient fabric, faſt ſinking to nothingneſs: there are ſtill ſome habitable chambers occupied by the poorer tenantry of the lordly poſſeſſor:—I have examined the whole interior, and find more to wonder at than admire, and more to pity than like. Like the heroines of romance, I expected to behold ſubterranean caverns, damp

dungeons, confeſſionals, oral chambers, and a long liſt of *et ceteras*; but no—a few Gothic cheerleſs apartments, and wild, magnificent, long neglected gardens were all I could diſcover; and having rewarded the tenant of the caſtle for his attendance, I returned home without the ſhade of an adventure that could dignify the annals of romance. Yet, as the ramble lies through a very pleaſant foreſt, I ſhall frequently bend my ſteps towards Tregelly Caſtle; and then who knows but in ſome moonlight evening Cynthia may diſcover to my longing, aching ſight the flitting form of ſome poor nymph undone.

Laſt

Laſt night my ſleeping fancy reſtored the beloved Horace to my tranſported view. In idea I beheld him kneeling at my feet; when, riſing, he led me to the antique arm-chair formerly graced by your dear mother at the Manor of Rothſay. Methought it felt ſoft and eaſy; and while I was enjoying the dear remembered ſeat, your mother entered, followed by Grimſtone, who rudely forced me from it; when ſhe, with maternal pleaſure ſhining in her eyes, conducted me to the moſt beautiful fairy looking palace imagination can portray.

Tell me, ſweet propheteſs, what can this portend?—Oh Antimedorus! for thy art of divination!—Yet there is one who rules our ſleeping and our waking hours, and he will guide us as it ſeemeth beſt.

Adieu, my ſiſter, my friend!—the bell from our pariſh ſteeple ſtrikes on my ear, and calls me to my oraiſons; there wilt thou, thy brother, thy mother, and thy all be remembered. The kindeſt wiſhes of my uncle and aunt attend you, and accept the warmeſt affection of your

Arabella Auckland.

LETTER

LETTER II.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I HAVE juſt received your affectionate letter from Bath, and am happy to learn you have ſucceeded ſo well in finding a governeſs for our dear little ſiſters. Sweet bloſſoms! may their opening lovelineſs ſhine forth into the brighteſt day, and reward the tender cares of their excellent mother!

I anxiouſly expect your letter from Llangarron Cottage, and tremble while I hope it may anſwer your expectations of peaceful ſolitude and undiſturbed repoſe. Will not you, Edwardina—will not my loved mother feel a craving void aching at heart in a ſolitary ſcene, where active benevolence can find no exerciſe? Ill, ill betide the ruthleſs hand that impaired the power, and doomed to unſeen privacy thoſe ſhining virtues which ſhould grace a world!—I have been led, or rather forced into theſe reflections by an incident which inſpired a gloomy regret at my own now circumſcribed ability;—the genial current of my ſoul was froze; I felt the curſe of poverty

poverty which blighted the fond purpoſe of a generous ſpirit, and only left me the tear of unaiding commiſeration to beſtow on the poor victim of diſappointment and deceit. If you are penſive, throw aſide the paper, for my tale will make your gentle nature ſad; if you are gay, proceed—it will temper gladneſs with that ſoftening thought which betters every human heart.

Laſt evening I had peruſed the melancholy Young's Complaint until a pleaſing ſerioufneſs had pervaded my every ſenſe; and in this frame of mind, heedleſs of time or diſtance, I ſauntered forth to

the foreſt, nor looked around until I reached a little wicket, which opened on a ſmall incloſure adjoining the church, and appropriated for the dwellings of the dead. I entered this abode of ſilence and repoſe, and ſeated myſelf under the darkened boughs of an ancient cypreſs which overſhadowed a more elevated tomb. There in that ſweetened ſadneſs which regulates the more tumultuous wiſhes, and inſpires a proper eſtimate of human enjoyment, I indulged the meditative hour, while the penſive Philomel warbled her complaints from the boſom of a neighbouring thicket. I ſat till the laſt rays of a bright autumnal

ſun

ſun gleamed on the blackened battlements of the Gothic caſtle, when the dew falling, and the chill of the evening breeze warned me it was time to return, and ſeek the comfortable blaze of a cheerful fire.

With the volume ſtill in my hand, and my eyes inconſciouſly fixed on the church porch, I was purſuing my way homeward, when the ſudden appearance of a female figure bearing an infant in her arms, occaſioned a momentary ſtart, and the exclamation of "Good God, defend me!"—Though a ſtranger to the weakneſs of fear, I could not conquer a ſuperſtitious awe which took poſſeſ-

ſion of me at her appearance; yet ſhe was very unlike the common race of ghoſts, being neither attired in robes of flowing white or ſable black; a plain dark cotton dreſs, a large ſhawl wrapped round the child, and a bonnet Repenti concealing her face, is the neareſt idea I can convey to you of her *tout ensemble.*

I ſtopped.—She proceeded till ſhe reached a remote grave, at the head of which ſtood a plain grey ſtone. A moment ſhe gazed upon it; then taking the ſhawl from her neck, ſhe laid the infant on it, and ſinking with humility on her knees, and laying her face on the

the cold turf, in a voice of piercing anguiſh, ſhe cried, " My mother! my mother!"

The grave was near the ſpot on which I ſtood; I had recovered my compoſure, and was my uſual ſelf, when, feeling an earneſt, indeſcribable wiſh to know the hiſtory of the poor mourner's ſorrow, I affected a cough, which made her ſtart from her lowly poſture, haſtily ſnatch up the infant, and fearfully look around, as if to diſcover the cauſe of interruption. My figure had caught her eye, and ſhe meditated flight; but I impeded her purpoſe, and entreated her to baniſh alarm,

alarm, as I was as incapable as unwilling to harm or moleſt her.

"Let me carry your infant," ſaid I, perceiving her tremble; "let me carry it till your agitation ſubſides, and tell me, if the requeſt recals no ſaddening thought, why you traverſe this ſolitary ſcene at ſuch an hour; and if either my power or commiſeration can ſoften one uneaſy reflection, I ſhall think the meeting very fortunate."

The tears were ſtreaming from her eyes, and ſhe alternately gazed at the child, and turned towards the grave: at length ſhe ſpoke.

"I nightly

"I nightly viſit the grave of a mother, whom my offences laid there before her time," ſaid ſhe. "This child ſhould be my comfort, but it is my puniſhment; no power can help me—I deſerve no commiſeration, yet thank your humanity; for though my heart is very cold, it ſtill can feel gratitude, that being the only feeling that has not been drawn forth, exhauſted, and deſtroyed."

She ſobbed in agony; I ſhared her ſorrow, and by ſoothing it, at length prevailed on her to diſcloſe her ſecret diſtreſſes. See now inhabits a wing of Tregelly Caſtle, but ſoon, very ſoon will

will ſink a victim to her mother's grave.

I have an appointment with her to-morrow, and will then impart all ſhe communicates, to my Edwardina.—Adieu, my deareſt friend! With love and duty, you know me your own faithful and attached

Arabella Auckland.

LETTER

LETTER III.

From the ſame to the ſame.

YESTERDAY, according to my promiſe, I went to the Caſtle, and found the poor diſconſolate young woman nurſing her pretty little one; though evidently in expectation of my viſit, every thing round her wore an air of neatneſs and frugality; and though her chamber is gloomy, poorly furniſhed, and confined,

fined, the perfect cleanliness inspired a sentiment favorable to the inmate;—her face is certainly very pretty, and her figure neither vulgar nor robust, though you may see she is no daughter of fashion, no child of the Graces. She welcomed me with much respect, yet not unblended with a timid confusion, which rather improved than lessened the interest she inspired.

"I fear, Madam," said she, modestly, handing a chair, "that you will be poorly repaid for the interest you vouchsafe to take in the misfortunes of a humble and unknown creature, whose highest pretension to pity is for having given

given peace for remorſe, and virtue for diſgrace; nothing uncommon marks my fate, for ſuffering is the ſure conſequence of guilt."

Her demeanor while ſhe ſpoke was compoſed, and her every feeling ſeemed ſubdued to that reſigned deſpair which is deep and laſting. I offered her every friendly conſolation, and added, a ſenſible mind was apt to judge too ſeverely of its own errors; when the generous and good, tempered judgment with mercy, and would be leſs harſh in their deciſion.

She ſighed, laid the ſleeping infant in the cradle, and on my intimating an impatience

impatience to hear her ſtory, in quiet accents ſhe began:—

"My parents were induſtrious and honeſt, and carried on a little trade, which ſupported the family, till I had reached my nineteenth year, when my father died, and my mother, being too infirm to ſuſtain the fatigues of buſineſs, retired with the little ſaved from the profits of twenty-five years' induſtry. The blaſts of adverſity were then ſtrong, the tide of fate againſt us:—the perſon who was deputed to put our little all in the Funds, ſuddenly diſappeared, to the ruin of us and many more, and we were reduced to the moſt abject poverty.

My

My dear beloved mother almoſt ſunk beneath the ſtroke; ſhe lamented for me, not for herſelf, and indeed yielded to a deep melancholy, till, through the intereſt of a neighbour who had been houſekeeper in a Nobleman's family, I was appointed upper nurſery maid to a family of diſtinction;—there I was humble, but virtuous and contented; and having the power to procure many little comforts to my dear declining mother, conſidered myſelf, if not happy, far from being miſerable.

"I daily walked abroad with my young charge; and in one of thoſe innocent excurſions it was my ill fortune

to

to attract the notice, and, as it afterwards appeared, the fatal liking of a young gentleman, whose manners and attentions were far above my lowly expectations and condition; they therefore soon intoxicated my weak understanding, and subverted every virtuous principle. My parents had not neglected my education; but my ideas had been formed at a modern boarding school, which, though it was not of the highest class, inculcated all those dangerous notions which prove so pernicious in their tendency to unthinking youth. Thus with my heart warm and open, my nature unsuspicious and romantic,

romantic, and my condition reduced, I weakly liſtened, and believed the overtures of my lover to be ſincere and honorable. I often met him, and he ſoon perceived his power over my mind; yet I reſolutely withſtood every entreaty to live *the life of honor* with him, till one fatal morning he had perſuaded me to accompany him to the houſe of a relation; there he practiſed on my eaſy nature thoſe arts which were my undoing. He drew a piſtol from his pocket, and ſwore, ſince he could not prevail on his uncle, an avaricious old Nobleman, to ſanction his union, (and he declared his conſent abſolutely neceſſary,

neceſſary, he being totally dependant on his bounty,) he would, if I refuſed to bleſs his wiſhes, die in my ſight. Dear Madam, the tears of ſad regret, of bitter remembrance, dim my eyes, and waſh my faded cheek. I loved—I yielded—fell the victim of impure deſire, of vile licentious paſſion: I inſtantly left my peaceful home, my honeſt ſervitude, and flew to my poor mother. The effects of my guilt were ſoon viſible; I attempted not denial, but on my knees confeſſed my ſhame, the name of my betrayer, and my remorſe.—The dear ſaint had long been haſtening to a better world; ſhe preſſed me to her own guiltleſs

guiltleſs boſom, bleſſed me, but upbraided not.

"The viſits of my proud, ſucceſsful ſeducer ſoon grew ſhort and ſeldom; but at my ardent prayer to move me from a ſcene where my diſgrace would be public, he ſent me here; and with cold, with cruel, cutting indifference, told me I muſt learn to live on twenty pounds a year—he never allowed more to thoſe who could no longer pleaſe his fancy, even though bred ſuperior to what I had been.

"I heard him with humbled heart and bitter anguiſh, but offered neither

remonſtrance nor reproach for his baſeneſs. I bowed to his will, as I had moſt fatally to his wiſhes, and arrived here, bereft of all but my dear dying mother. Her voice was conſolation, her prayers were comfort, but I deſerved them not, and the Almighty took them from me: three days after, this poor child of ſhame and ſorrow was born.—She expired in my enfeebled arms.—

— — — — —. — — —

— — — Her lowly grave is now my only reſort; there I weep my ſorrow—there I ſigh my repentance, and pray with this poor boy to ſoon repoſe within its cold but peaceful ſhelter.

"I ſee

" I ſee not, hear not of my ſeducer, nor do I wiſh it; for though I am fallen from virtue, ſunk in guilt, he is baſe and inhuman, and I deſpiſe him. Oh God! when the lamp of life burns dim, ſurely my undoing will ſtrike confuſion, even to horror, on his blackened conſcience!"— — — — —

Her ſighs and tears here impeded further utterance. I offered all that could be offered to the broken and contrite ſpirit; and I truſt even rigid virtue will pardon the promiſe I voluntarily gave, to frequently ſee her, and render all that a generous pity can beſtow.

Poor Jenny Dalrymple, my intereſting *repenti*, has juſt left me; her tyrant betrayer ſhe tells me arrived laſt night at a very late hour, and with libertine careſſes would have plunged her yet deeper in guilt. She virtuouſly rejected every deceiving overture, vowing ſhe would periſh unpitied, unaided, rather than ſtoop to eat the bread of continued infamy:—on this laudable declaration the monſter ſtruck her, and turned her with her helpleſs child from the caſtle.—The unhappy creature has flown to me for refuge. Alas! alas, poor girl! the bitterneſs of poverty enerves every kindly wiſh, and its chill influence

influence reaches even to thee!—yet I have lodged her in an honeſt farmer's houſe, and at her ardent prayer mean to knock at the hard heart of her vile undoer.

LETTER IV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I HAVE related her ſtory to my uncle and aunt; the former would diſſuade me from any interference, therefore I ſhall not, as was my firſt intention, deſire his attendance here: I conſulted —debated the matter with my amiable aunt, who has all the milk of human kindneſs

kindneſs in her compoſition. She tells me I am too young, too lovely, too unguarded, to combat with a female ſeducer *tête-á-tête*; therefore, by her advice, I reſolved to write, and had actually concluded an epiſtle that pleaſed both her and myſelf, before it occurred that I knew not the name of him I addreſſed, when, to obtain this very neceſſary information, with the letter in my pocket, I haſtened to Farmer Wilkins's, and found poor Jenny ſitting diſconſolately, gazing on her ſleeping boy.

I gave her the letter to peruſe: the tears of gratitude, blended with repentance, waſhed the paper; ſhe claſped

her hands, invoking bleſſings on my goodneſs, and ſacredly promiſed, ſhould her betrayer grant my requeſt, (which is to pay the board &c. of the infant), ſhe will herſelf eat the bread of the hardeſt toil throughout her remaining weary days.

A boy was procured to take the letter to the Caſtle, and with the pen in my hand, I then demanded the name.

"Arundle, Madam."

"Arundle!" I repeated, and looked in her face.

"Orlando

" Orlando Arundle, ſecond ſon to Lord Haverland, is my deſtroyer."—Conſternation claimed ſome moments, and I was ſilent; until, with looks of terror, ſhe hoped ſhe had not cauſed me any ſorrow by the diſcloſure of a name ſhe now held in abhorrence.

" No, my poor Jenny; but you are more groſſly impoſed on than you imagine; yet for what cauſe I cannot penetrate as yet.—He you mention, is the very ſoul of honor—is ſolemnly affianced to a woman with all the attributes of human perfection, who now wearies Heaven with prayers for his ſafety; for Orlando Arundle is now on a

foreign ſhore, aſſerting the rights of his inſulted country. Some deſigning villain has uſurped his name, and beneath that covert would conceal his infamy, and ſin ſecurely. Tell me, Jenny," I continued, " for it is too likely his degenerate——"

We were interrupted; the room door was rudely thrown open, and a youth, indeed moſt prepoſſeſſing and elegant, arrogantly advanced. I felt embarraſſed, wiſhed myſelf diſtant; Jenny trembled, and grew pale as aſhes: very different appeared the gay betrayer—a proud ſuperiority ſat on his brow—his demeanor

nor was aſſured, his looks confident, and with the eaſe of one accuſtomed to govern, he took a chair, ſaying "he expected not to find Miſs Dalrymple engaged with ſo beautiful, indeed angelic a viſiter. Might he be indulged with her name?"—I now aroſe from my chair, and with all the dignity I could aſſume, replied to his queſtion.

"I bear a name, Sir, before which emboldened guilt muſt ever ſhrink abaſhed;—but as to know your's, cauſed my viſit to this unhappy young woman, you will doubtleſs vouchſafe the information."

"My name," ſaid he, evidently diſcompoſed, "can little import a ſtranger; but who demands it?"

I looked him full in the face as I replied, "Mrs. Auckland—that is my diſtinction."

He ſtarted. "Auckland!—then I am known!"

"Yes; but not for Orlando Arundle: the truth flaſhed on my mind—yes, I know thee, and ſhame upon thee to take the name of honor, and under its fair ſanction, perpetrate villany that diſgraces human nature!"

He

He trembled with paſſion while I ſpoke, and turning fiercely towards Jenny, cried, "Haſt thou been chattering?—Thou at leaſt ſhalt repent ſuch daring: begone—this inſtant begone!"

I took her hand.—"Stay: I am, will ever be thy friend. Diſdain his menaces, poor and pitiful as himſelf!"

The unhappy girl knew not what to do. She ſobbed convulſively, and, unable to ſuſtain her varied fears, ſunk at my feet on her knees.

"In this young creature," I reſumed, heedleſs

heedleſs of his threatening looks, "in this young woman, Mr. Haverland ——

"Madam!"

"Sir!"

Jenny turned her weeping eyes upon him, then upon me.

"Do you addreſs yourſelf to me, Mrs. Auckland?"

"I addreſs myſelf to Lord Haverland's ſon, Francis Haverland, who meanly ſtole his brother's unblemiſhed name to practiſe deeds to which that brother's

brother's name is happily a ſtranger:—were he capable, even in thought, of one ſhade of guilt, he would ill deſerve, could never obtain the bleſſing that impatiently awaits his return to reward his virtues:—but I waſte my moments, and muſt haſten to my point.

" Know me then, Sir, for the happy wife of Horace Auckland—as ſuch, your ally—as ſuch, would be your friend; but innocence and virtue condeſcend not to acknowledge diſſimulation and vice; yet ſtill it is in your power to recover that rank in the ſcale of humanity which bad, deſtructive paſſions have loſt you; you may yet regain the approba-

tion

tion of the good, and the favor of Heaven."

He ſeemed moved, or was it affected? for he cried with altered voice, "Oh! Oh!"—How I exulted, and encouraged the ſymptom of remorſe!—"Providence," I continued, "one evening led me where this poor injured girl, with your infant in her arms, deplored her fall from virtue upon her mother's grave. I heard her ſad complaints offered to Heaven and the ſpirit of that mother whom her errors haſtened to that cold ſhelter. I pitied, and reſolved to aid her; but, alas! her wounds could only be healed by Heaven and you.

you. I extorted her ſtory from her, but knew not your name, nor borrowed name, till I deſired your addreſs for this letter. Peruſe it, Sir, and let compaſſion grant the humble requeſt that nature has hitherto rejected;—urge her not to plunge deeper in guilt; rather encourage returning virtue, and enable her to rear your child in the line you mean him to appear."

He took the letter from my hand, and read it to the end.

"Before one ſo righteous and ſevere in youthful virtue," ſaid he, carefully folding the paper, and putting it in his pocket.

pocket-book, " I offer not at extenuating even the errors of high impetuous youth; I have been reprehenſible, and am more humbled in *this* preſence than the generous can deſire. From this young woman then I ſeparate; for this child I provide; but it is on condition that the whole tranſaction be buried in everlaſting oblivion.—At your requeſt, moſt lovely, moſt amiable Mrs. Auckland, I ſettle fifty pounds a year on Jane Dalrymple and her child; ſhe has given it the name of Orlando—I add that of its mother; that it muſt bear—the only one to which it ever can, ever ſhall have a claim. She muſt alſo quit theſe domains, and that immediately: ſhe knows

knows my ſolicitor, and on him ſhe may draw for the annuity I allow her."

Something more he would have added, but her ecſtacy interrupted him; her joy ſeemed frantic; ſhe preſſed his knees, bleſſed him for his goodneſs, and vowed his wiſhes ſhould be her guide, ſo as they never tempted her to ſin again.

"Of that no more!" ſaid he, haughtily. "I am now taught that ſomething like equality ſhould be obſerved even in our looſer pleaſures. I had deſigned you another fate, but had miſplaced my confidence, and thank your folly for the precaution; of the paſt therefore no more;

more;—you know my pleaſure—obey it. Now retire, and prepare for inſtant departure."

His arts, his wiles were loſt; he certainly had ſome card to play, and wanted the ſimple girl for a partner; but her remorſe was too ſtrong, her reſolutions too firm; his implications were unnoticed, and while he gnawed his lips in ill-repreſſed vexation, ſhe ſet about arranging matters for her journey, and I to take my leave.—"Deign me one moment," ſaid he, "only while I entreat you to bury this rencontre in ſilence, and ſuffer not the complaints of this girl, or the

the birth of her child to reach the ears of my father."

I aſſured him with me his ſecret was ſecure, and I could venture to promiſe that he had huſhed the murmurs of Jenny, and given her as large a portion of content as the world could allow her in her circumſtances.

He cautiouſly avoided renewing the ſubject of his brother, or any that could lead to it; and hoping, as I had condeſcended to intereſt myſelf in the affair, that I would ſee Jenny leave the environs of Tregelly. He reſpectfully wiſhed me

all

all happineſs;—aye, Edwardina, he did it with ſuch a winning, ſuch a reſiſtleſs grace, that but I knew it the ſpecious garb to cover a depraved, a blackened heart, I ſhould have pronounced him almoſt as prepoſſeſſing as my unerring Horace. Oh vice! to what doſt thou transform thy votaries!—The ſeduction of Jenny, his baſe deſertion of her, his conduct to an excellent brother—all unite, and preſent him as a monſter to my affrighted view.

Jenny and her infant have quitted the Caſtle, but at my requeſt, ſtays a few days with me, on account of the child being ill: I ſuppoſe her agitation has

has affected the little innocent. She wiſhes much to be received in ſome reputable family as houſekeeper, or upper nurſery maid, where ſhe will be ſecure from moleſtation and perſecuting ill-nature. I am with every inclination, but deſtitute of power, to direct her to any; and I would have her blighted peace ſheltered by ſome kind ſpirit, whoſe ſenſe of female frailty would commiſerate her fate, whoſe humanity and ſuperiority in virtue would give a ſigh to her misfortune, and encourage her humiliated ſoul in the work of repentance, and yet not repreſs the embers of a virtuous ſhame by ill-timed ſeverity and cenſure.

Cannot

Cannot your dear mother look on the ſcene ſhe has quitted, and point to this poor penitent deſerted, ſome haven of repoſe?

Mr. Haverland left the country laſt night, but previouſly addreſſed me, repeating his requeſt that nothing might tranſpire to either his father or brother.

Only, my loved Edwardina, to your dear boſom, from which I can hold nothing, have I confided the name and condition of Jenny's ſeducer, and with you I know it ſafe; yes, I think had I formed a compact with the evil one himſelf

himſelf, ſuch is my nature, I ſhould hold that compact ſacred.

Haverland, reſt then ſecure; for thy ſecret is as if loſt in the great boſom of waters.

How ſerene, how happy is the mind in the contemplation of a good action! You cannot conceive my ſelf-complacency, my ſecret delight, as the ſmile of comparative peace irradiates the ſo late deſpairing face of the poor Jenny Dalrymple.

Oh! would the great ones devote a little more to the duties of humanity,

and ſacrifice a little leſs at the ſhrine of diſſipation, there would be leſs miſery, leſs diſorder in this world, and more pleaſure, more ſatisfaction even in the courts above.

My uncle ſays I am turned moralizer, a female reformer, a petticoat philoſopher: I laugh, and reply I am practiſing ſentiment to perſonate ſome heroine, that ſhall eclipſe all the heroines of antiquity.

Beſhrew me, Edwy, but I think I will turn Novel writer! Who would have hoped for adventures in the wilds of Tregelly? yet Fate deals them to me with

with a laviſh hand; Nature gives me imagination, you bleſs me with a friend, and the Minerva offers liberal encouragement: and I repeat, when I have too much time, and too little money, why beſhrew me, but I will turn Novel writer!

And now adieu to my adventure, to *badinage*, and it is time to ſay adieu even to you.

But before I ſay the word, and I never uttered it but with reluctance in my life, I muſt tell you I impatiently expect your next packet. I am anxious to know how you like your retirement,

how my ineſtimable parent likes it, and how all does that concerns my beloved ſiſter.

Bleſſings attend you, prays your faithful

Arabella Auckland.

LETTER

LETTER V.

From Edwardina Auckland to Mrs. Auckland, jun.

YOUR ſeveral letters, my deareſt Arabella, have reached me ſafe; and while wonder, admiration, delight, and indignation have aſſailed me alternately, I have peruſed the intereſting pages. Bleſſed, beloved Arundle! and did thy

greatly erring brother dare to uſurp thy honeſt name to execute his purpoſes—to perpetrate deeds that honor dared not to avow?—Sweeteſt, kindeſt Arabella! friend, champion of my Orlando's fame! accept my thanks, my bleſſings—the all that I can offer for reſcuing the name, which, if happy, I muſt one day bear, from ſhame, reproach, and ignominy. Tell your poor *repenti* that her Orlando—being an Orlando—ſhall be *mine*; and that the dear diſtinction ſhall ſecure him a father as ſuperior in virtue and graces to the one Nature gave him, as the brilliant ſun exceeds the darkeſt cloud. Yes, my ſiſter, my Arabella, I envy you your feelings in pro-

procuring for your poor Jenny the humble bleſſings of innocent retirement from a deſigning world.

Go on, ſweet partner of my Horace, in your glorious path—ever, as now, aſſert the cauſe of ſorrow, of oppreſſion, of penitence; and you will ſhine an ornament of an applauding world, and the delight of approving Heaven.

My mother only ſhall ever participate in the confidence you repoſe in me reſpecting Jenny. Never ſhall it reach the knowledge of either Orlando, Horace, or the good Lord Haverland;—no, no, even were it not your requeſt, I would

not ſhock their honeſt, upright ſouls with the knowledge of ſuch baſeneſs degrading one of their race.

Ah, Arabella! how my judgment erred—how remote from peace, from honor my imagination ſtrayed when I looked up to Haverland for perfection! Thanks to my gentler ſtars, and kindly intereſted friends, that turned the current of my wandering fancy into the happier channel of Orlando's virtues!

In Continuation.

A flying report has reached us that the troops are ſafely landed, and an engage-

engagement, which will be deciſive, daily expected. Be it ſo; ſafe in native goodneſs, and the care of an Almighty Being, we have nothing to apprehend.

My mother feels uneaſy and diſappointed that her laſt letters to Lord Haverland remain unanſwered, particularly as they encloſed the drafts for a quarterly payment; her apprehenſive ſpirit, weakened and depreſſed by a ſucceſſion of gloomy occurrences, is too apt now to look forward to the poſſibility of evil, rather than to the probability of good: yet ſhe is compoſed, nay ſometimes cheerful, and though ſhe enjoys the wild beauties of our ſequeſtered

retreat, her unequal ſpirits, and frame of mind, often depreſs me, and give riſe to painful conjecture.

Our habitation is very convenient, but uncouth and gloomy, and poorly calculated to inſpire pleaſurable images, particularly in a mind any way inclining to the ſombre;—my turn of thinking being rather romantic, and my ſpirits more lively, I enjoy a high luxury in contemplating and often examining a magnificent ruin ſome few miles diſtant from our abode. None of our few neighbours, who can converſe in Engliſh, have been able to inform us to whom the antique ſtructure appertains; and often,

often, when ſeated in the old deſolated chambers, I jeſtingly tell my mother I ſhall take poſſeſſion, aſſume command, and ſtyle myſelf the Lady of Llangarron Caſtle.

I know not why, but I never ſay ſo but a deep, a melancholy ſerioufneſs overwhelms her; and as if immerſed in ſaddened thought, ſhe cries—"Huſh! huſh, child! you diſtreſs me."—What can it mean, my Arabella? Nay more, ſhe interdicts my frequent excurſions to the ruin, and yet, attended by an old woman, certainly born in the laſt century, traverſes its dreary viſtas, and penetrates its moſt ſecret receſſes herſelf:

it is paſſing ſtrange to me, and I repeat, what can it mean?

I ſhall not cloſe this till next poſt arrives, when, perhaps, news of our beloved warriors, or letters from Lord Haverland, may enable me to impart more pleaſure than can iſſue from our ſecluded cottage.

My mother perfectly approves Jenny's intention of ſervitude, and deſires you will inform her, if ſhe does not deem preſiding over a houſehold ſo inſignificant as our's degrading, that ſhe will moſt willingly receive her as houſekeeper, compaſſionate her misfortunes, ſtrengthen

every better reſolution, and by kind treatment teach her to forget her ſorrows, and the unprincipled cauſe of them.

My mother has been enquiring for ſuch a perſon, and if you pleaſe, you may mention this propoſal to Jenny. By this arrangement the poor thing will be under reſpectable protection, and her income augmented, which will ultimately benefit her infant.

Adieu, my beſt, my beloved friend, for to-day!

I re-

I reſume the pen, and verily to communicate ſimple nothings, unleſs the chimeras of my own brain may be deemed ſomething. The poſt arrived; brought letters from my ſweet ſiſters, who are both well and happy; but none from Lord Haverland, none from thoſe who occupy our ſleeping and our waking thoughts. His Lordſhip's ſilence more than uſually depreſſed my dear mother; ſhe yields to ſuperſtitious dreads, and a weakneſs, which ſome time ſince ſhe would have condemned with ſeverity even in a child, ſhe now ſuffers to uſurp her own better judgment, and tinge every circumſtance with gloom. Laſt night a poor owl croaked from

from our chimney, and would you believe it, ſhe abſolutely ſhuddered, as ſhe ſaid it was the harbinger of death.

I mortally deteſt this old Tabitha Morgan; I imagine ſhe pretends to foretel future events, and I fear my mother not only conſults her, but places a degree of faith in her predictions. You ſhall judge for yourſelf.—Yeſterday the weather being invitingly fine, I walked to the caſtle ruin, and ſeated on one of the time demoliſhed ramparts, was gazing with delighted enthuſiaſm on a ſtately veſſel that was bounding triumphantly on that pārt of the ocean which waſhes our Cambrian ſhores, when I perceived my

my mother and her old ſhrivelled attendant enter the interior of the ruin in cloſe and earneſt converſation. I quickly deſcended from my elevated ſeat, and ſliding ſoftly behind the pillars, placed myſelf where, unobſerved, I could partly hear what paſſed. Arabella, my heart ſmote me; I was conſcience reproached for preſuming to obtrude—to meanly ſteal upon my parent's privacy, and wreſt a knowledge of that ſhe deemed proper to conceal: ſtill I was impelled—perſevered,—ſmothered the voice which cried, "Edwardina, retire."—I ſtaid, and heard what was as incomprehenſible to me as the hieroglyphics on an ancient Briton's tomb.

The

The Sybil held my mother's hand as ſhe ſpoke—

"Lady, I heard, and ſaw it all—yes, yes, I did; he cried, he never—by my God—and vengeance ſhall—his ſon—no—nor that—it would gratify—but his—yes—may—but here—unknown—unſeen—till, Oh! vengeance, vengeance! till—no, never, never! then it is complete—full—perfect—and died—ſomewhere—yes, Lady—yes—yes."

Such, my beloved Arabella, were the words which reached my aſtoniſhed, my petrified ear. The ſentences were incomplete, the ſenſe imperfect,—for the

the words were mumbled through her toothleſs gums, and agitation ſhook her palſied limbs; and I being rather remote, the whole reached me indiſtinct and unconnected, as I relate. Were ſhe predicting future events, or narrating paſt ones, to me it is all myſterious and impenetrable, and I would give worlds to be in poſſeſſion of the ſecret.

Methinks you reply—"The mountain in labour, Edwardina; a nothing, or ſome legend of the ruin; heed it not: interrupt not your mother if it beguiles her of an heavy hour, nor diſturb thyſelf with what can never concern thee."

Such

Such is the counſel of wiſdom, of my Arabella; yet I will try one effort to diſſolve the myſtery—I will entreat the withered witch to tell my fortune: if ſhe refuſes, why there is *a something*; if ſhe complies, why ſhe is an old Gipſy, and I am content, ſatisfied.

Good night, my dear ſiſter!—Beſt love to all with you, and angels guard you, prays

Edwardina Auckland.

Write directly.

LETTER VI.

Mrs. Auckland, jun. to Edwardina Auckland.

TWO days have elapſed, my ſweet Edwardina, ſince the poor intereſting Jenny and her ſmiling boy ſet out for your reſidence: ſmiles of delight irradiated her meek features on being told ſhe would be honored by the reſpectable

able protection of your excellent mother. —" There," ſhe cried, in momentary tranſport, " I ſhall be remote from the ſneers of an ill-natured world, ſecure from inſult, and pitied by Virtue herſelf. —Bleſſed Mrs. Auckland, I owe your noble charity all my peace here, all my happineſs hereafter !"

Poor girl! I know not whether it is her misfortunes, or mild, grateful ſpirit that have ſecured her ſuch a friend in my boſom; but I feel I would do much, very much to reſtore her to peace, and a place in the rank of virtue: for I am one of thoſe who believe it poſſible for virtue

virtue to ſurvive the wreck of virgin honor. However, your mother's opinion of her will more decidedly eſtabliſh mine, for I am but a novice in this reſpect, and with all deference yield to the ſuperior judgment of thoſe few I think poſſeſſed of more ſenſe and penetration than myſelf. Mark the humility of Arabella!"

You anticipate my comments, my reply on the apparent myſteriouſneſs of your mother's ſecret conſultations with the withered Tabitha:—deign not the occurrence a ſecond ſerious thought, but exert every power to baniſh that gloomy weakneſs

weakneſs you perceive pervading her noble faculties;—it will not only obſcure, and repreſs the natural energy of her mind, but deſtroy her health, and reduce her to that pitiable ſtate of imbecility, vulgarly denominated the vapours.

Aſſure the beloved woman from her dutiful, her affectionate Arabella, that Lord Haverland could not have received her laſt packet, for he ſet out for Yorkſhire. (I ſpeak confidently on the information of his ſon, and it admits not of doubt, there being no intereſt in the deception); therefore I repeat he could not, having left London before it

was

was even written; and is it not more than probable, almoſt certain, that her hyenean Ladyſhip would, in the ſpirit of *her grace*, intercept its progreſs to her Lord?

"An engagement daily expected!" and is it not poſſible that my Horace may now be numbered with the braver dead? —ſtretched on a foreign ſhore! his eyes not cloſed, his laſt breath not caught,— his beloved form not claſped by Arabella! How compoſed, how calm methinks you ſpeak!—"An engagement daily expected!" Oh Edwy! Edwy! you are not a wife; my blood runs chill,—

my

my brain whirls with the thought—yet why?—I feel the ſigh that rends his faithful heart, will diſſolve his Bella's exiſtence.

I muſt throw aſide my ſombre pen.—You have infected me with your melancholy; the contagion is pervading every vein, and every fibre ſhrinks with apprehenſion. — — Hark! how diſmal!—I feel your worſhipped mother's fears:—the night-owl ſhrieks;—Oh, bodes it—bodes it death?

Superſtition, avaunt!—what though it be the witching hour of night, when church-yards yawn, and yield their dead,

I will not tremble, for my great Creator lives,—guards my huſband:—*He*, who never ſlumbers, guards him, and will reſtore him to poor Arabella. Good night—good night!

LETTER

LETTER VII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

SURELY I am deſtined to meet with ſtrange adventures! I would fain recede from that in which I am engaged, and, yet ſome ſecret impulſe urges me to go on. Deareſt Edwardina, would you were with me! then hand in hand we would explore the myſtery:—now I

ſhrink from my intent, and yet cannot determine to retreat.

I quitted you and the pen in diſconſolation of ſoul; threw myſelf on my knees, but could reſpire no prayer: yet ſure the rapid paſſing thought found favor—ſure my Horace is ſafe: however my night was reſtleſs, my dreams uneaſy, and my *reveil* found me ſunk in laſſitude, languor, and dejection of ſpirit. My uncle, much recovered, was cheerful, my aunt ſmiling and happy, my little couſins gay and ſportive as the bounding fawn. They were all—all ill-ſuited to my humour; ſo, after an unrefreſhing breakfaſt, I took a book, the conſtant

conſtant companion of my wanderings, and proceeded to a favourite receſs in the boſom of Tregelly woods.

I had ſat there a conſiderable time, pleaſed with my own penſive contemplations, when a ſtep, not far diſtant, induced me to look up: I was alone, and too remote from the habitable part of the world to call for aid, even ſhould danger be near. I therefore experienced a ſenſation like alarm, when, after a violent ruſtling among the underwood, the figure of a man appeared within a few paces of me; yet neither his appearance nor demeanor were calculated to impreſs the mind with fear, though

his *tout ensemble* inſpired inexplicable ſenſations in me: his hair was venerably white, his body apparently bent by age and infirmities; yet his eyes retained the clear expreſſion of youth, and his limbs ſeemed ſtrung with vigor; his dreſs was decent, being neither fine nor mean.

I was riſing to go, when he impeded the very willing purpoſe by laying his hand on my arm, and in a voice not very firm, beſeeching me to ſtop.

I rallied my ſcattered ſpirits, and replied, with affected compoſure, "Do not detain me, friend; if my power can any way benefit or ſerve you, ſpeak,

ſpeak, and your wiſhes are anſwered."

"I know you charitable," ſaid he, retreating a ſtep, as if to quiet my apprehenſion of intended violence; "I know you charitable—can you be courageous?—can you—Oh, I cannot—muſt not, dare not—no more ——— After to-night I am no longer ſeen—my brain ſplits—would you do good—preſerve—"

He ceaſed to ſpeak; heavy drops fell from his brows; he ſeemed ſtruggling, burſting with ſome unuttered thought—ſome ſecret of importance. My terrors yielded to conſternation, and I

replied to his unconnected addreſs, "that I could attempt much to promote a good purpoſe, or repel a bad one; that courage was not a virtue peculiar to my ſex, though I might exert my ſpirit in a laudable cauſe."

He bowed lowly over my hand, and with a countenance more ſevere than ſatisfied,—"Enough," ſaid he; "in the Caſtle of Tregelly—the northern turret—the gloom of night—gloom indeed—underſtand—death's pangs can no explanation—be ſwift, be ſecret—Oh Lady, Lady, I could ſpeak!"

At this inſtant the church clock ſtruck

ſtruck three. He ſtarted—"I muſt be gone—remember!"

He then darted among the trees, and ſoon the ſound of his footſteps ſunk undiſtinguiſhed on my ear; when, loſt in a whirl of painful conjecture, I haſtened home, and related my adventure, while, without appetite, I partook the hoſpitable meal.

"I cannot help thinking," ſaid I, addreſſing my uncle, "but what my poor Jenny is again betrayed, and that this ſtranger is ſworn to ſecrecy by her ſeducer, yet pities the wretched girl's ſufferings, and takes this method to

induce me to fly once more to her aſſiſtance.—Will you then accompany me to the Caſtle, dear Sir?"

"Upon my credit, my dear niece," replied my uncle, with rather an ironical ſmile, "you are nearly as quixotical as your nameſake of redoubtable memory; you are certainly run wild in romance, and will ſoon be armed *cap-à-pee*, aſſerting the love rights of all the ruinated forſaken damſels in our iſland. But reſerve your proweſs for a better occaſion than this, for I can aſſure you that Jenny and her bantling are by this time ſafe with your mother, for my attorney ſaw her ſafe and well at Bridgwater; and as for

for Mr. Haverland, why there are letters from him to his ſteward, dated Falmouth; and furthermore, my pretty Quixotte, the man you encountered is ſome harmleſs idiot, whoſe friends may be too poor to give him a keeper, and too humane to confine him. I met him myſelf yeſterday, and he accoſted me with much ſuch another inconſiſtent tale as that you have related. Let him alone—let him alone, Arabella; he is fully competent to right and avenge all the love-lorns of Tregelly Caſtle without our interference."

"I will not diſpute your better judgment, Sir," ſaid I, provoked, and hurt

at his incredulity, which bordered on inhumanity; "nor oppoſe your diſinclination to inveſtigate the man's meaning; but *if he is* mad, there is a method in it that has reached my heart, and rouſed every feeling of my ſoul."

"Well, well, Donna Arabella, lanterns, lights, and picklocks ſhall attend your midnight ſteps while you ſlide through long forſaken galleries, ſinking corridors, and at length reach the wide damp chamber where, ſtretched upon a little ſtraw, lies, not poor Jenny, but the fair nothing conjured up by your imagination.——Ha! ha! ha! I wiſh Horace were here, and he would teach you

you ſomething better than running after madmen's vagaries, maidens forlorn, and adventures in old caſtles."

So ſaying, he left the room, left me almoſt diſguſted with him, and quite determined in myſelf to once more viſit Tregelly Caſtle, and peep into its ſecret myſteries.

The hour of tea is now arrived; I will ſwallow a haſty cup, recommend me and my meaſures to the all-pervading Deity, and before the cloſe of evening, perform what I deem the duties of humanity.

Adieu,

Adieu, deareſt Edwardina! To-morrow I will reſume the pen, and either tell you I have achieved ſomething, or diſcovered nothing.—Adieu! be in Heaven for me.

A. A.

In Continuation.

Heaven and earth! my Edwardina, what have I witneſſed—what ſurveyed—what endured—what perpetrated—and yet ſurvive to tell the wondrous tale! Amazement and horror ſtill envelope every ſenſe; ſtill is my brain in confuſion; ſtill is my heart in a tumult; and paſt anguiſh only ſinks into a chaos of wild diſtracting emotions.

Never

Never could I have imagined that my nature poſſeſſed ſuch energy of feeling, my mind ſuch courage, or my arm ſuch ſtrength:—I was not myſelf; my powers were not my own, and to the great Almighty be the glory aſcribed.

Penſive, thoughtful, uncertain, unaſſured, I left the manſion of my uncle. In the farm-yard I met him:—"Lights, lanterns, and picklocks, Arabella—now for wonders—now for adventures!"—He would have rallied me from my purpoſe; but irreſolute as was my heart, it diſdained to yield that to irony and burleſque, it had denied to reaſon and reflection.

I there-

I therefore purſued my way, and arrived at the caſtle gates about the hour of ſeven. The evening was ſerene; poor robin from the withered bough of an old oak alone diſturbed the ſilence of night by his penſive carol, and charmed my ſenſes in a pleaſing melancholy:—it was not dark; day and night might have contended for ſuperiority—it was doubtful, ſober twilight.

The former inmates of the ancient pile no where appeared; the hall door was cloſed, but not locked. Nothing—no one oppoſed my entrance; and as if traverſing the apartments of a fairy palace, unimpeded I purſued my way till

till I reached the chamber formerly occupied by my poor Jenny;—there ſtood her bed, the child's cradle, the nurſing chair, all as I had laſt ſeen them; ſtill no one appeared: no fire—no light illumed the coming darkneſs, or cheered the gloomy chillneſs of the night.

The abſence of the few inhabitants excited a degree of ſurpriſe, till I recollected there was a wake in a neighbouring village, and that moſt probably they were making merry, where I think ſober, decent ſadneſs would be more becoming a mortal creature.

But

But why they had left the caſtle totally deſerted, and the doors unſecured from nightly depredators, admitted of more conjecture than I had thought or leiſure to beſtow.

All nature was ſoon ſhrouded in total darkneſs; the wind whiſtled fearfully hollow through the more ruined parts of the edifice, and a torrent of rain blattered on the ſhaking caſements. I grew apprehenſive, wiſhed myſelf at home, or any where but in the ſequeſtered ruins of Tregelly Caſtle. I certainly repented my temerity; and in defiance of the boiſterous elements, determined to meaſure back my ſteps to the

the farm. For this purpoſe, with no other guide but the faint glimmering of the moon, which now and then ſhot a miſty beam through the heavy clouds, I gained the hall, revolving at each ſtep the every word of the ſtranger.

"The northern turret," ſaid I, remembrance knocking at my heart—"poor Jenny, and ſhall I at laſt deſert thee—leave thee in extremity! The idea ſtrengthened as it roſe, that it muſt be her; and again I ſtood irreſolute whether to aſcend the turret, or make a precipitate retreat, when the pale reflection of a quivering light on the walls of a gallery which led to the turret ſtairs, determined

determined me to purſue it, with the hope that it was ſome of the inhabitants returned.

I quickened my pace, and followed it—it ſtill receded; I purſued it until I had gained the top of the ſtairs: there I ſtopped, for the trampling as if horſes had entered the court-yard arreſted my attention, and imparted a new turn to my every thought.

"Defend me, gracious God!" I exclaimed in terror.—"I may be myſelf betrayed for horrid purpoſes, to gratify vengeance, or the fierceſt, blackeſt paſſions—even at the beſt may periſh the victim

victim of the ſtranger: he may be a maniac, he may be worſe.

I had time for no more; the ſound of feet approaching gave me added alarm; and unknowing what I did, I ruſhed forward, and found myſelf in a large ghaſtly apartment.

I trembled ſo exceſſively, that throwing my robe round me, I ſtaggered to the wall for ſupport;—the ſteps ſeemed to follow mine. I grew breathleſs with horror, when the figure of a man, haſtily entering, ſtarted, as if ſtruck with ſudden dread.

My

My robe was clear muſlin; and though it perfectly concealed my features from the beholder, I could perceive and diſtinguiſh objects through its thin texture.

The man gazed as if transfixed, ſhook in every limb, and turned his eyes fearfully round, as if in hope or expectation of ſome appearance more deſirable than mine. He advanced a ſtep—I knew him; at length he ſpoke—"Hell and furies! who, what art thou?"

I turned full upon him, ſtill ſhrouded from his knowledge;—agitation, terror had

had given a hollow tremor to my voice, and I replied—

"Monſter! what haſt thou deſtroyed? Whom doſt thou perſecute? Deſiſt—repent—repent!"

"Oh, Oh!" in lengthened agony, burſt from his quivering lips. He leaned for ſupport upon his ſword. I retreated, waved my hand as if for his departure; and methinks he would have obeyed the ſilent mandate, but at that inſtant, from an oppoſite door of the apartment, iſſued forth a man.

I looked

I looked at him, and immediately recognized the features of the ſtranger, but his infirmity, his venerable looks had diſappeared; even his voice ſounded differently as, in accents of well-affected fear and conſternation, he addreſſed his maſter.

"Ah Sir, what, what is that?" he cried; "let us retreat. Oh Lord, forgive me! Let us go, let us go!" and with reſpect he would have forced him on.

I ſtill ſtood in an attitude, I imagine not unlike that of the famed Spectre of the Caſtle; and he ſtill bent over

his ſword. He ſeemed loſt either in ſpeechleſs horror, or in his own ideas, while the other, who ſtood rather behind him, pointed with ſigns and geſtures not to be miſunderſtood, to the door from which he had entered.

I comprehended, and with ſolemn pace moved onward.

The motion rouſed his maſter; he burſt from the unheeded reſtraint—

"Goblin damned, or ſpirit bleſſed, ſhall not impede my purpoſe!" he cried in frantic wildneſs.

In his frenzy he dropped his ſword; he was within one ſtep of me; I eluded his graſp, feared his revenge, and ſnatching up the weapon, with a ſhriek terrific even to myſelf, I flew with the ſwiftneſs of thought through ſeveral dark paſſages, nor ſtopped until intercepted in my flight by a door, which, as I ruſhed againſt it, burſt open. Gracious God! never can the moment be forgotten. An almoſt extinguiſhed candle emitted a faint light from an iron ſocket fixed in the earth. The mouldering walls of the narrow dungeon glittered with the ſlimy vapours of ſucceſſive ages; the ground was clammy from unwholeſome damps,

and

and the long pent-up air felt as if ſuſpending reſpiration. In this cave of horror and deſpair, ſtretched on a little ſtraw, lay a form not female—not poor Jenny—but a man. His face was turned to the earth, a chain bound his waiſt, and faſtened him to a ſtaple fixed in the ground! My own ſenſes were in a whirl, my heart was deſperate; I graſped his arm, wildly crying—

"Turn thee quick!"

He obeyed;—his aſpect was fierce, his eyes flaſhed indignation, and as he raiſed his head, he ſhook me off.

"Monſter, aſſaſſin, begone!" he cried in accents of fury.

He would have added more, but perceiving I was no accuſtomed viſiter, his every feature changed, and became benign, and his voice ſunk mild and ſoft.

"Angelic creature! what is your purpoſe? Who are you? What do you here?"

I took his hands, I kiſſed them; tears of compaſſion burſt from my eyes, and I would have anſwered his queſtions; but at the moment thoſe, from whom

whom I had flown, approached, and I had ſcarce time to glide behind a heavy arch which ſupported the roof, before they made their appearance.

The ſuperior of the two drew near the proſtrate ſufferer; internal horror ſeemed to gnaw at his heart, for his face was ghaſtly pale, and his eyes emitted darkened fire. His companion ſtood ſomewhat diſtant, but his countenance was compoſed, and his manner ſerenely decent. He looked around, as if in ſearch of ſome one, and yet appeared as if conſcience at leaſt was at reſt.

The ſuperior, I ſay, approached the ſufferer, and taking ſome papers, with a pen and ink from his pocket, demanded whether he had yet determined either to ſign or die—die a gnawing, lingering death!

"Blackened monſter, begone before I blaſt thee!" interrupted he, throwing himſelf as far as the chain admitted, from his cruel oppreſſor. "Begone! I will die, waſte, periſh, moulder here, be even as thyſelf, thou poiſon to my ſight and ſoul, rather than gratify thee for a ſingle moment.—Begone, leave me!"

The

The rage, the violence of the villain now burſt all bounds; his features were diſtorted, his teeth gnaſhed; he ſeemed, he felt he *was* a demon, for drawing a piſtol from his pocket, he graſped the neck of his priſoner, and bade him "die.—I have gone too far," he added in dreadful accents, "to recede—too far to be now foiled.—I grant one moment—ſign this roll, and ſwear to bury all; make all your own free deed, or by the powers that led me on, you die! Whichever way I turn, hell opens!—Sign—ſwear!"——

"Never, never! So my ſoul be bleſſed, and God ſtand by me!"

He had laid the piſtol on the ground when he preſented the papers; he now threw them aſide, ſeized his victim, retook the piſtol, prepared it, preſented—"Die——"

The word was half reſpired.—Heaven ſtrengthened, Heaven inſtructed, Heaven inſpired;—virtue ſuſtained my heart, a deſperate courage nerved my arm.——Convulſed, I ſhrieked—burſt forth, and in a minute *given by God*, I ſheathed the ſword I graſped within the boſom of a parricide—and ſaved——

Lord Haverland — — — — —

— — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — —

Edwardina,

Edwardina, I can no more.—How—how have I proceeded thus far? Recollection chills my blood—my heart beats low—my ſpirits faint.—Oh Edwardina! ſiſter of my Horace—of my huſband!—Murder! Horrid ſound! My brain whirls, my ſenſes wander.——Hereafter I may reſume the pen——if not—Oh Edwardina! commend me to my love—my life——tell him—ſay—in dying—I ——the pen falls! — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

LETTER VIII.

Lord Haverland to the Dowager Mrs. Auckland.

ONCE again, dear and excellent Mrs. Auckland, by the gracious interpoſition of the all-pervading Deity, I am permitted to addreſs you. He ſent his angel, the faireſt, the moſt heroic of women, in your daughter, the charming

Mrs.

Mrs. Auckland, to my reſcue. Fair miniſter of Heaven's beheſt, how, how can I reward thee, or thy wondrous worth!

To her happier powers of deſcription I would reſign the pen; but the fearful agitation her gentle ſpirits have of late ſuſtained, cauſes an indiſpoſition which, I truſt, the rays of returning peace and pleaſure will diſperſe, as the cheering ſun-beams diſpel the heavy clouds of a wintry ſky.

I am not uninformed, my ineſtimable friend, that you have felt uneaſineſs and alarm at your letters to me remaining

unanſwered, and I apprehend you have endured ſomething of inconvenience from your drafts being alſo unhonored; but welcome tranquillity to your boſom: all is *en train*, and perfect order will ſoon be reſtored.

In my laſt I communicated my intention of paſſing ſome months at a long neglected ſeat in Yorkſhire; but, from my knowledge of your ſenſibility, forbore to add that Lady Haverland accompanied me not. Her ſon, I learned from indubitable authority, purſued the career of deſtruction, paſſing his time with ſharpers and courtezans, to the ruin of his character, fortune, and

conſtitution; indeed, his diſſolute irregularities had ſo impaired his health, that the Faculty declared it their opinion that another climate could only give him a chance of continued exiſtence. The father ſtirred within me; and though he had offended, grievouſly offended me, I could not forget that his infancy had given me pleaſure, his youth hope—I could not forget that he was my child; and to enable him to take a tour through Portugal, I preſented him five hundred pounds, with permiſſion to draw for the ſame ſum every ſix months. Thus we ſeparated, and it was then I imparted my purpoſe of viſiting Yorkſhire to her Ladyſhip.

She

She refuſed to accompany me; it was too remote from her circle of friends—too bleak for her conſtitution—too every thing ſhe abhorred; ſhe would not go.

I remonſtrated, indicated diſpleaſure; at the one ſhe laughed, the other ſhe treated with contempt; perſevered in her refuſal, and in defiance to my wiſhes and entreaties, ſet out for Brighton the day before my intended departure.

Some unavoidable buſineſs with my ſolicitor detained me near a week in town, and during that period, bills were preſented at my banker's to the amount of three thouſand, five hundred pounds,

pounds, drawn by my ſon Francis. Conſiderable as was the ſum, could treble the amount have reſtored the degenerate young man to a ſenſe of honor, and retrieved his loſt character, full cheerfully ſhould my ſtores have opened; but to throw that among daſhers of the dice-box, and ſharpers of the turf, which could have cheriſhed pining miſery, or rewarded modeſt merit, would have been giving a toleration, even a tacit encouragement to vice, and degrading generoſity and paternal virtue to profligate profuſion, and unjuſtifiable weakneſs. He was evidently ſtill in town, but I was a ſtranger to his haunts and aſſociates even could remonſtrance

ſtrance or argument have availed; his drafts were therefore proteſted, and with every fibre of my heart wrung, from the defection of my family, I determined on a life of ſolitude till my deſerving Arundle returned to cheer my heavy days, and quiet my uneaſy nights.

Again I fixed the next morning for the commencement of my journey, and rung for Brunton to give him ſome neceſſary orders; he was, and it was uncuſtomary, abſent. When I retired for the night, he had not appeared; and little offended, as I ſuppoſed he might be taking a parting glaſs with his friends,

friends, I desired he might attend me early the next day.

With the morning, at the usual hour he appeared; but his face was haggard, his eyes heavy, and his demeanor strangely incoherent. I seemed not to observe his abstracted manner, but ordered him to prepare for my departure.

"Is—is your Lordship then resolved?" said he, stammering.

"Certainly—why that demand?"

"I would

"I would rather not go, my Lord—and yet——"

"Brunton!"

"My Lord."

"Prithee, my good fellow, be quiet; thou haſt been drinking with thy friends, or mourning with thy miſtreſs.—Go, go, and take an hour's ſleep—reſt will reſtore thee to thy ſenſes."

"Reſt, I ſhall—I ſhall. I aſk your pardon Sir," and he bowed; "I aſk your pardon—I will inſtantly obey your Lordſhip,

Lordſhip, and prepare—to Yorkſhire—yes, I know."

He now quitted my preſence, leaving me in doubt whether he acted under the fumes of drink, or was really deranged. Be it as it would, he excited my riſible faculties, even while inclined to pity—I knew not what.

When the travelling carriage was ready, he appeared more compoſed and collected; and without further comment, I ſet out, and purſued my journey. Towards the cloſe of evening, as the chaiſe rolled rapidly on, it was ſuddenly ſtopped, and by the dim twilight I could perceive

perceive ſeveral men, their faces covered with crapes, ſurround it. I had but little caſh about me, and was preparing to deliver it up, when I was rudely ſeized, bound, gagged, and told reſiſtance was vain. In this dreadful condition, with an armed man on each ſide, I journied two days and nights. A profound ſilence was preſerved by my companions: we never halted, and food was only offered me in the moſt lonely and ſequeſtered ſpots. Sometimes I caught a glimpſe of Brunton, who diſconſolately rode between two men; he ſpoke not even when near, and from his looks I could learn nothing. Thought was burſting my brain; I could

could form no probable conjecture of the outrage, and I had nothing but patience, and a dependance on my Creator, to ſuſtain me under ſuch horrid circumſtances. The myſtery was ſoon unveiled; and a conviction that harrowed up all the feelings of nature, that racked the father, and ſhook the ſeat of reaſon, ſtruck my tortured, my aſtoniſhed ſoul.

The third evening was dark as the aſſaſſin's purpoſe, and under its accommodating gloom, I was dragged by my fellow-travellers to the depth of a damp, dreary dungeon; there, like a felon, chained—like a malefactor treated!

I will

I will not, deareſt friend, wound your ſpirit, weary your patience with deſcribing my own feelings: they were dreadful and uncommon; yet were they a heaven compared with the one pang nature endured when Francis Haverland burſt on my petrified ſight! I was horror-ſtruck—mute. His looks at firſt were wild and ghaſtly, but he ſoon reſumed himſelf, and was the villain.

In few words he told me "my parſimony, and his own preſſing neceſſities, had compelled him to meaſures he attempted not to juſtify; yet ſo it was: he was now, though with danger and difficulty, paramount, and neither hell, the

the peopled earth, nor Heaven, ſhould induce him to forego his purpoſes; I muſt either give him drafts for ten thouſand pounds, ſettle five thouſand per annum on him irrevocably, and my whole perſonal property on my deceaſe; and moreover, ſwear by all the tremendous attributes that bind humanity, to bury the whole tranſaction in everlaſting oblivion, making all appear and paſs for my own voluntary deed and act: theſe articles ſign, or periſh there!"

I ſhrunk from the monſter's view—ſhuddered from the thought he was my blood;—rage, hate, vengeance, were all I felt;—

I felt;—I curſed him, ſcorned him, defied him.

I cannot aſcertain the time I ſuffered in the dungeon; it might be a week—to me it ſeemed an age. Cold and hunger, unwholeſome damps on the hard earth, and threatened death were bleſſings to the boiling agony that conſumed me when the viper appeared to either tempt, or terrify me. I continued firm as the mountain's baſe, immoveable as the decrees of Heaven.

His complotters, I ſuppoſe, had become turbulent and ungovernable, and quickening his motions, acceleſated my doom;

doom; I was left for execution. The next night, with horrid imprecations, he ſwore ſhould be my laſt, unleſs I yielded to his demands.

I was immutable, prepared for death, awaited the ſtroke, and reſigned myſelf to him who made me.

Mrs. Auckland, my preſerving angel, her letter delineates, in her own energetic terms, the night, the means of my deliverance from death, deſpair, and a moſt baſe, degenerate ſon.

To calm your apprehenſions, to quiet your gentle boſom, be informed the

loſt, abandoned Francis ſtill exiſts—nay, more, is pronounced out of danger.

For ſome further elucidation of this horrid affair, I muſt entreat your patience till the next poſt; for your Arabella is now up, and requeſts to ſee me. My love and bleſſing to ſweet Edwardina; and beſeeching you to draw inſtantly for whatever you may want, believe me, my deareſt Madam, to remain with reſpect and eſteem,

Your affectionate brother
And devoted friend,
Haverland.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

AGAIN, my dear Madam, I take up the pen, and continue the ſubject of my laſt; but before I proceed, let me quiet every tender fear, every anxious apprehenſion for the health and ſpirits of your charming Arabella. She has, indeed, been in imminent danger; but thanks

to the great Preſerver of men, ſhe is reſtored, and bleſſes my hopes as I view the roſeate tints of health reviſit her ſoft cheek.

She would, nay almoſt inſiſted on addreſſing you with her own hand; but my tender perſuaſions conquered the amiable intention, and once more ſhe reſigns me the taſk.

Since my providential deliverance, I have minutely queſtioned Brunton as to the ſtrange, equivocal, ambiguous part he acted in the late ſoul-rending tranſactions. Nearly as poſſible you ſhall have the detail in his own words.

" The

"The diſcovery of Mr. Haverland's ſad, unnatural plots," ſaid he, looking as if he wiſhed to know whether he might ſpeak unconſtrainedly,—"the diſcovery I ſay, my Lord, and yet more his own confeſſion, and preſent contrition, I think, I hope, now releaſes me from every enforced vow of ſecrecy; elſe much, and dearly as I reverence the commands of my benefactor, I ſhould ſtill, and for ever remain mute. For, Oh Sir! the imprecations I was conſtrained to utter, were terrible and uncommon."

I aſſured him, that if I conſidered him bound by any law or tie, human or divine, to concealment, or if it could caſt one blackening ſhade on the nature

or character of Mr. Haverland, particularly as I was ſecure from his vile machinations, I would rather ſtrengthen his reſolutions to be ſilent, than by any inducement tempt him to a diſcloſure. "And ever remember, Brunton," I added, "and treaſure the counſel in your heart, that whether threatened violence may compel you, or any paſſion inſtigate you voluntarily to ſwear—remember, I ſay, there is more real virtue in breaking than fulfilling it, if the action has any tendency either to the immoral or the improper.

He bowed ſubmiſſion, and recommenced.

"The

" The night, my Lord, before we ſet out for Yorkſhire, I was going to execute ſome orders of your Lordſhip's, previous to our departure; and as I ſtood under the great lamps hanging over the door, conſidering my neareſt way, I was ſeized and blindfolded by two men, and in that condition dragged to ſome houſe, where, in a cheerleſs, cold chamber, I beheld Mr. Haverland. I thought him, my Lord, in Portugal, and verily believed it his ghoſt; but he ſoon fearfully convinced every aching ſenſe.

' Brunton, thou man of little reſolution,' ſaid he, looking terribly deter-

mined; 'man incapable of daring enterprise such as suits my desperate purposes, yet art thou necessary to further my most bold designs; but first swear, imprecate, invoke the heaviest denunciations of an insulted Jehovah, whom thou believest with all power to punish—call down his vengeance I say upon thy soul and body, if ever a whisper of me, or what thou mayst behold me attempt, or perpetrate, escape thy lips—then shalt thou further understand my pleasure;—obey, or instant death is your portion!—I am driven—obey—quick!'——

"I was appalled, shook with horror, and, like a trembling coward, took the offered

offered Bible from his hand; and as he forced it to my cold quivering lips, repeated the imprecations after him.

'Now,' demanded he, 'inform me, and mark it be with truth, or woe upon thee—where goes Lord Haverland? What is his route? Thou knoweſt, then anſwer!'—

"Dear Sir, forgive me!" cried the poor fellow; "forgive me! I told him to Yorkſhire, and that we were to reſt at Hatfield the firſt night.——

'So far well!—Then hear—Lord Haverland ſupplies not half my wants,

gratifies not my wiſhes—compulſion therefore muſt accompliſh my deſires; aſſiſt, promote my deſigns; I make thy fortune, and thou art ſecure from diſcovery, for my confederates are few, and thoſe well tried—intereſted in my ſucceſs, ſufferers in my failure.

'If his Lordſhip accedes, he is ſafe; if he reſiſts, let him blame his own obſtinacy, not my perſeverance, for the certain conſequences.

'Now, Brunton, ſpeak thy inmoſt thoughts; be bold—thou haſt accomplices moſt powerful, moſt reſolved; either determine to remain a ſervile wretch

wretch to him who ſoon will be without the power to benefit thee, or adhere to me, be independent, and my friend.'—

" Do not, my Lord, think ſo ill of me, as to believe I felt the leaſt heſitation in my choice;—no, I remembered I was a poor, diſgraced outcaſt, without character, and without friends, and that you, with all my load on my head, pitied, ſheltered, and patronized me. I therefore put on the hypocrite; ſincerity could not have ſerved you, diſſimulation might; and with well-pretended pleaſure I replied, I was ready to live or die in his ſervice; that I ſhould claim no reward till he was

ſatisfied, and that I only attended your Lordſhip from neceſſity.—If I was wrong, God and your Lordſhip forgive me! But I meant right; for though my brain was all confuſion, I conſidered that by being near you, I might ſecretly, without breaking my oaths, preſerve you from his bad intentions, or at leaſt in ſome way induce another to do it, when occaſion required or offered.——

'I am done with you, Brunton, at preſent,' added he; 'you ſhall be conducted on your way back;—remember, life is the forfeit; and now farewel! you ſhall ſee me when it ſuits my purpoſe. *Remember*——'

"The

" The men at his order then blind-folded me, led me out, and left me within a few paces of your Lordſhip's houſe.

" You cannot forget, Sir, my incoherence that night; my heart was burſting, my brain burning to diſcloſe the whole;—but threatened death—my oath—hell ſeemed to yawn, and I only could act as you have ſeen. We ſet out, and were attacked, and you were bound, and through remote roads brought acroſs the country to the Caſtle of Tregelly; there the cruelties, the oppreſſions of Mr. Haverland were continued with unnatural perſeverance.

As

As if he feared, ſuſpected me, though I pretended to be warm in his intereſt, he never ſuffered me to be with you alone; elſe ſure, ſure I ſhould, directed by your wiſdom, have attempted your deliverance. Whenever he left you, he was wont to rage and ſwear moſt dreadfully at your firmneſs in denying to ſign the papers: at length I overheard his conſultation with the two gentlemen who accompanied him. Oh! their dreadful counſel froze my blood! I ſhuddered, and would have died to diſcover your condition to any who could have ſaved you.

" He

" He hesitated at first.—' Father!' burst from his lips.—' Is there no other method? Yet let us persist; hunger—hopelessness may at length——"

' D—n him, no,' said one of his friends, ' the old hound is staunch; 'tis soon done—no more!" and he snapped his fingers. Still Mr. Haverland wavered. —' He may have made a will. As heir, you seize his papers—destroy it; his ghost, d——me, will bide here;—we'll all decamp—it won't travel with its tales. Come, come, Haverland, milk-sop is too white a colour for your character; die it, die it, but if you flinch, why pay us, turn penitent,

penitent, and let the old fox kennel you for life, d—me!"

"Mr. Haverland's paſſions were put in a ferment. Ah! Sir, he was your ſon; he ſhrunk from the thought of murder! but owing theſe vile ſharpers large ſums, and deeply involved in the infernal project, he was driven to deſperation.—'Oh! that I had never known you,' he cried, 'never embarked in this unnatural, and I fear, moſt bloody plan! Worlds cannot—' (He pauſed, gaſped, his teeth gnaſhed, he writhed in agony.)—'I cannot recede—I am reſolved—my father—murder—Oh——'

"This

" This paroxyſm exhauſted his violence; he became calm, and informed his infernal aſſociates that 'he was decided to once more offer terms to his father; if rejected, he was ſo enthralled, beſet, tempted, tortured—why be it then!—no more!'—and he alſo ſnapped his fingers.—'I can but die, and better that than kneel, and ſupplicate—ah! who, d——n!'

" He was again relapſing into frenzy; but his companions checked the ebullition of his tormented paſſions, by forcibly, with kind raillery, bearing him to the gardens.

" I was

" I was now myſelf nearly diſtracted; I would have forfeited my life, any thing, every thing but my ſoul, to have diſcloſed my ſad knowledge of the fatal tranſaction. I walked forth, my heart throbbing, my ſenſes indeed wandering, when I met a gentleman; it was Mr. Penroſe. In dark, ambiguous terms I addreſſed him, and beſought his interpoſition. He called me, poor bereft idiot; he pitied me, threw me ſix-pence, and bade me go home. His alms I refuſed, perſevered in my prayer;—but my remembered oath—I durſt not be explicit, and in contemptuous anger he left me.

" That

" That night Mr. Haverland firſt threatened your Lordſhip with inſtant death. Your proud defiance, ſcornful rejection of all accommodation, together with the maledictions forced from your virtuous lips, yet more hardened his heart, ſtrengthened his fury, and confirmed his horrid purpoſe. But again, my Lord, he was your ſon. Nature ſtruggled—he gave another night; and but for baſe, abandoned plunderers, who had cheated him of his money, robbed him of his honor, and would, after imbruing his hands in a parent's blood, have betrayed him to a death of ſhame—he would have ſunk on his knees, and given an eternity for remiſſion

remiſſion of tranſgreſſions. Alas! as he ſaid, he was beſet, and could no way eſcape the trammels in which fatal diſſipation had involved him!

"Next day he was calmly reſolved, and *that* I feared. His counſellors ſupported his reſolutions, made him drink, affected merriment, unconcern, and laid out the terrible plan of action with as much apparent eaſe, as if projecting a ſcene of innocent amuſement.

"It was now time to make my laſt exertion, my ſole remaining effort.

"I had

"I had heard of Mrs. Auckland—of her charity, her goodneſs to a poor young creature, ſeduced and deſerted by Mr. Haverland. I knew ſhe lived at Tregelly Farm, and her I reſolved to intereſt, if poſſible, to avert the threatened impending ſcene of blood.

"I was not unacquainted with her accuſtomed walks; I watched her forth, and aſſailed her feelings, indeed with much ambiguity, yet with ſuch a fearful energy, that it reached, affected, and it appeared determined her gentle, yet courageous heart to attempt the deliverance of ſhe knew not whom, or what; but it was the cauſe of humanity, and an

an Auckland could not reject its powerful pleading.

" She came arrayed in innocence, armed with the ſhield of righteouſneſs, ſuſtained and ſtrengthened by the might of God. I beheld her every movement, witneſſed every turn of her ſoft countenance, and prayed to the Almighty to bleſs her efforts.

" We paſſed in the country for pedlars, and had hired the habitable rooms in the caſtle of the poor creatures who lived in it; who, being happy to avail themſelves of an opportunity to get a little money, made no enquiry, but

but quietly betook themſelves to ſome neighbouring cottages till our departure. Thus we were left unmoleſted, to purſue our purpoſes. Mr. Haverland never appeared at all, leſt he ſhould be recognized, till night; and it was reſolved, ſettled, that after the murder, the cave ſhould be nailed up, the corpſe left, the keys returned, by one of the accomplices, to the people, and all of us embark from the neareſt port, in the firſt veſſel that was to ſail, be bound where it might.

" Theſe arrangements made, the evening came; darkneſs ſurrounded all. Mr. Haverland and his friends returned from

from their ride. They ſeated themſelves in a lower chamber; while Mr. Haverland, inflamed with wine, and his heart in a ferment, betook himſelf to the turret, in the deepeſt dungeon of which, you, my Lord, lay chained to the damp earth.

" In his way I appeared before him; I ſhook, and yet, though I knew the arm of a female weak, felt encouraged, aſſured of ſomething happier than the death of my dear Lord.

" He was pale, yet had a deadly firmneſs in his look; he carried a

ſword, and as he appeared, he waved it, ſaying, 'Follow!'—not unwillingly, though with ſlow ſteps, I obeyed the command.

"He encountered Mrs. Auckland; his ſpirits in a flame, his brain a chaos; he imagined her, God knows beſt, who or what—moſt likely by his addreſs, a ſpectre. I would have improved, ſtrengthened the notion, and forced him away; but his ſpirits revived, deſperation returned, and he purſued her, and his own ſad purpoſe.

"I, unobſerved, aided Mrs. Auckland, by directing her ſteps to the cave.

My heart failed on entering, when I beheld her not; but my wandering eye at length diſcovered her behind the arch. I exulted, yet I ſcarce knew why; for ſhe was feeble. I prayed with mental fervor, had reſolved to ſave you, or die myſelf; but the ſuddenneſs of his motions prevented me. I felt transfixed, thought to behold a breathleſs body, when the glory of the Moſt High ſhone forth, and by a female arm effected your deliverance. The accomplices inſtantly decamped; your Lordſhip knows the reſt."——

Here Brunton bowed; he had concluded, and under Heaven, and my fair

fair preſerving angel, was made the inſtrument to ſave the life of Haverland.

In Continuation.

My dear Friend,

I left you to attend a ſummons from your Arabella; ſhe was traverſing her own chamber; her uſual ſweet ſerenity had given way, and agitation marked every expreſſive feature; ſome benign wiſh animated her lovely countenance, and ſoft perſuaſion graced her ruby lips as ſhe ſaid ſhe had a prayer for my compaſſion.

"Mrs. Auckland cannot aſk in vain," I replied; and taking her hands, I entreated ſhe would declare her pleaſure.

"I am the ambaſſadreſs of humble penitence to the court of Nature," reſumed ſhe, ſweetly ſmiling; "I offer the contrition of an unhappy ſon to a gracious father. Mr. Haverland appears ſinking beneath the heavy preſſure of ſelf-accuſation, and a parent's merited malediction. Let mercy, my dear Lord, temper your reſentment; vouchſafe him your forgiveneſs, that will quiet his bitter pangs, and enable him to leave Britain, till a life of rectitude, honor, and undeviating duty, reſtore him

to

to your favor, and give him a claim to your paternal notice.

" Senſibility, perhaps too tenacious, prevented me receiving his viſit; but I ſent an aſſurance, that I would execute any commiſſion for him, my own ideas of propriety allowed. I now perform the office I accepted, and entreat you to be gracious, to honor my embaſſy, and beſtow the balm of peace upon a lacerated ſpirit."

" I never imagined," I replied, with a ſerioufneſs unaffected, " that any requeſt from Mrs. Auckland could be irkſome to my feelings, or conſtrain my

wiſhes; yet a prayer from her lips I can in no way reject. Let then the pitiable being go, and take with him that forgiveneſs, which Nature, and a Chriſtian can beſtow; alſo to ſupply the neceſſaries of exiſtence, he may draw on my banker for one hundred pounds per quarter; that will ſatisfy every reaſonable want, and leave no excuſe for reſorting to illaudable purſuits for money. To the luxuries of life he has forfeited every pretenſion; to its happineſſes he can have no claim. Penance would become him; but a father demands but penitence, and will yet feel ſatisfaction in hearing *that* is perfect."

The

The ſweet girl was as grateful for my generous condeſcenſions, as ſhe termed them, as if my compliance had conferred favors on herſelf; and having received my commands in writing, on the wings of pleaſure ſhe flew to impart her ſucceſs to the unhappy young man, who really, I am informed, embarks for Liſbon to-morrow.

Be his contrition ſincere! and accepted at that awful tribunal, where diſſimulation's wiles avail not!

Arabella and I are in the utmoſt conſternation and diſtreſs at not hearing from you. Why, my amiable ſiſter,

are you ſilent? Are you ill? Are you unhappy? Oh quiet our apprehenſions! That is only wanting to reſtore your charming daughter-in-law to all the bliſs ſhe can know in the abſence of her mate.

With vexation, with ſorrow, I learn your drafts have been returned;—deareſt Mrs. Auckland, exonerate me from all blame, for you now know me guiltleſs.

You will rejoice with me in knowing I have perſuaded Arabella to accompany me to your reſidence; and we only wait an anſwer to our letters, to inſtantly

inſtantly commence our happy journey. She writes herſelf; ſo it only remains with me to offer you and my loved, my amiable Edwardina, the faithful devoirs of, my dear Madam,

Your devoted

Haverland.

LETTER X.

Edwardina Auckland, to Mrs. Auckland, Jun.

WHY art thou, Oh why art thou ſilent, my Arabella? Each returning morn, with the eye of longing, lingering expectation, I look for the poſt's arrival;—it comes, but, alas! it comes with only diſappointment to my aching

boſom; and I repeat, in the voice of ſorrow—Why, why art thou ſilent?

By a weekly paper publiſhed here, I learn diſpatches have been received from the Weſtern Iſlands; that there has been an engagement, but particulars had not, at the packet's departure, tranſpired with ſufficient accuracy to be tranſmitted, but may be daily expected. How cruel thus to agitate the public mind, and rack the fondly intereſted individual with anxiety's embittered pang!

How blind is poor mortality to what is beſt! I exulted in my mother's con-

ſent to come here; the completion of the wiſh has only given regret: I feel as if we were caſt at the utmoſt limits of creation, the extremeſt boundary of human information.—In London—But why deepen the preſent gloom with the ſaddened ſigh of retroſpection! Alas, alas! the future may, will claim the full employment of every thought.

Poor Jenny and her infant arrived here ſome days ſince; ſhe ſeems modeſt, not unamiable, and very intereſting; and could my dear mother derive enjoyment from any object abſtracted from the images formed in her own mind, ſhe would take pleaſure in applying

applying the balm of kindly commiſeration to a wounded, penitent ſpirit. As it is—Oh my ſiſter, my Arabella! my heart ſickens—my ſenſes ache—my mother, my dear mother!——Start not, feel not diſmay, ſweet partner of my brother's ſoul, at what my lingering pen reluctantly communicates.

Some myſtery clouds all that appertains to Lord Haverland. My mother's letters to him remain unanſwered; her drafts, addreſſed to his ſolicitor, returned proteſted, and a deep obſcurity involves the whole. Has her Ladyſhip's influence prevailed, reached his noble heart? Has Lord Haverland recalled his generoſity,

roſity, and forgot that he beguiled us into hope? No matter how, or what—moſt unhappy, moſt fatal is the reſult; yet—yet as mighty Heaven has willed it, all muſt be.

A ruſtic wench, whom we hired at the recommendation of the people from whom we rented the cottage, happened to be in the room when the ſolicitor's letter was received; and my mother, on peruſing it, incautiouſly exclaimed, "Gracious God, what will become of us! I can now pay nobody!"

The hireling's ear was quick, and her tongue, in uniſon, ſpread the news through

through the village; echo lent its faithful aid, and "I can pay nobody," like a clap of thunder, appalled the terrified mercenaries from whom we took the cottage. The flaſh ſucceeded; they flew to us, and with rude, indecent menaces, ordered us to pay, or quit immediately.

My mother's fortitude, her compoſure, gave way; ſhe yielded to the anguiſhed emotions of her heart, and burſting into a paſſion of bitter tears, ſaid they ſhould be obeyed; ſhe would leave the houſe before the evening cloſed, and depoſit valuables with them, till ſhe could ſatisfy their demands.

Her

Her purſe contained but three pieces; it ſhook in her hand; ſhe cruſhed it into her pocket, and at her deſire, I delivered to the rapacious landlord treble the value of his demand; when, followed by his wife, his ſon, and daughter, for they came in a body, as if they feared oppoſition, and ſuſpected compulſion would be neceſſary to eject us, he departed, ſaying, "he would return after dinner to receive the keys."

My mother now ſat pale and ſilent; her countenance had acquired an air of wildneſs, and her hands were claſped, as if in mental prayer.

I approached

I approached her, knelt before her, and implored her in mercy to me to be herſelf, to compoſe her ſpirits, and to exert her fortitude ;—" All, my deareſt mother, will again be well; we ſhall ſurmount this."

Thus I ſpoke, while I trembled to ſay, " Where ſhall we go—where find ſhelter even for a night ?"

The tears trickled down her faded cheek—I kiſſed them off.—" Dear, dear Madam, do you feel better ?"

" Yes, Edwardina, I am well, very well."

" Indeed !

"Indeed! Then tell me, direct me what to do? Where ſhall we go?"

"Where ſhall we go?" ſhe repeated, and a languid ſmile paſſed over her features.

"Yes, mamma, where ſhall we go?"

"Where we ſhall not be turned forth; where the rain may beat, and the blaſt blow; where the living aſſert no claim, where the dead diſpute——"

"My mother!"

"My

" My child!"

" You terrify me to death! Where do you mean us to go?"

" To the ruins of Llangarron."

" The old caſtle! Defend us, gracious Heaven!"

" Amen!"

I ſhrieked with agony, and ſtrained her to my boſom, crying, " My loved, my reverenced mother, Oh take comfort!"

At

At that moment came in the venerable form of a poor, humble, neglected Curate, who for, and upon the wretched pittance of twenty-five pounds a year, reads prayers, and preaches three times every Sunday, ſupports his own old age, and four children of his third generation; for their father, grandfather, and reſpective partners have long ſince bade adieu to the evils of mortality.

Mr. Meredith now entered our parlour with an unceremonious kindneſs; Chriſtian benignity beamed over his mild, furrowed countenance, and in a voice alike free from emboldened familiarity and conſequential reſpect, even in

in the ſimple accents of endearing courteſy, he informed us, " that Lewis's behaviour had reached his knowledge; that he knew we could not remain there, and that as accommodation could not be immediately procured in ſo remote and ſequeſtered a part of the world, he came to offer ſome chambers in the Parſonage, which, ſince Death broke in, and decreaſed his family, unhappily had remained unoccupied.

" They may accommodate you, ladies, in the meantime, and the acceptance will much oblige me."

I bleſſed

I bleſſed him as the meſſenger of peace and good tidings, on more accounts than his benevolent, diſintereſted offer; he attracted my mother's attention, ſeemed to recal her wandering ſenſes, and give a more reaſonable turn to her ideas.—"Your motive, Sir," replied ſhe, "cannot be miſtaken; it does honor to your nature, and gives dignity to your character; and I have only to regret that an offer ſo full of goodneſs, is made to almoſt bankrupts even in expectation: for with candor I confeſs to you, Mr. Meredith, that the laſt lingering hope of an unfortunate life reſts on an excellent ſon, and a youth, the betrothed of this dear girl. Alas!

Alas! neither may now exiſt; they may number with thoſe ſtretched on the deluged plains of war!—

"Do not ſigh, do not weep, Edwardina," continued ſhe, ſeeing the tears of agony ruſh down my cheeks; "repreſs your emotion; I may need all *your* fortitude."—Then turning to the worthy Curate, "A refuſal of your kind offer, Sir, would indicate a pride I know not, and give a diſappointment to benevolence it wiſheth not; therefore have the added kindneſs to name the hour when you can conveniently ſhelter the houſeleſs children of want."

"This

"This night, this moment," he replied, eagerly; "I have a little covered cart, which ſhall be ſent to convey your baggage;" and then, with an aſpect beaming with his feelings, and which ſaid, "Verily I feel my reward," he left us.

Packing up employed the remaining hours of day, and the evening beheld us joining the humble happy circle round the Curate's hoſpitable table.

Jenny and her infant are alſo lodged with us; ſhe evidently participates in all our ſorrows, and forgets her own.

The

The grief of my mother is now compoſed, yet I fear deep and immoveable; to me ſhe ſays little—that little is abſtracted, yet fraught with maternal anxiety.

Great part of her time is ſpent in writing, and almoſt her every other hour is devoted to the ruins of Llangarron.

With young Winifred Meredith, I yeſterday viſited the old withered Tabitha, and with good-humored ſerioufneſs entreated ſhe would tell me my future fate.

" I know you, Tabitha, the oracle of Llangarron, therefore do not deny me."

Her pale furrowed countenance flushed with indignation as I spoke. She seemed to feel I had injured her. I wished, but could not recal my words; therefore, as her emotion rose, I begged she would not be angry, I meant no offence, was only joking.

" I am not angry, Miss," said she, " but I am sorry that old age and wrinkles cause you to think me either leagued with Satan, or for lies deserve to be sent to his dominions. No, Miss, I tell

tell no fortunes; if I could—but no, Miſs, I tell nothing of the ſort."

Rather abaſhed, I took my leave, and hoping ſhe would not acquaint my mother, either with my viſit, or my requeſt, in rumination ſad, I meaſured back my ſteps to the Curate's comfortable fire-ſide.

My mother was in her own room, and ſent a meſſage by Jenny not to wait tea, as ſhe was engaged until ſupper time.

Cheerfulneſs and good humor ever enliven the ſcene irradiated by the

venerable preſence of Mr. Meredith. He perceived me ſerious, nay, thoughtful even to ſadneſs. My mother, our ſad condition, our beloved heroes, all were claiming their part in my divided heart. He rouſed me from my painful reverie with a plaintive provincial tune, which I much admire; and before my ideas had time to revert to their uſual gloomy current, related ſeveral intereſting anecdotes peculiar to Cambria, its ancient poſſeſſors, cuſtoms, &c. &c.

A thought occurred at the moment.

"You ſeem, dear Sir," ſaid I, "well ſkilled, and very converſant in the lore of

of the mountains; doubtleſs you are not unacquainted with the ſecret hiſtory, or legends of Llangarron Caſtle; ſome dark myſtery ſeems to hang over its antique towers, which every body is very anxious to deepen, rather than elucidate."

"Your obſervation is juſt, my dear young lady," he replied; "many circumſtances appear myſterious, which, when developed, are found to be very ſimple: but thoſe attending Llangarron are ſtrange, intereſting, and uncommon."

I eagerly expreſſed my deſire to hear all he could communicate; when ordering his eldeſt grand-daughter to bring a bottle of the beſt currant wine, and ſome of her ſweet cakes, he imparted the following particulars.—But it grows late, very late in our corner of the world, ſo I will defer my tale till another opportunity.

Good night, ſweeteſt, deareſt ſiſter; angels watch your guiltleſs ſlumbers, and with returning morning give you cheering health and ſerene happineſs, prays your faithful

Edwardina Auckland.

In Continuation.

"The evening blaſts blow cold and ſhrill," ſaid our hoſpitable Curate, inviting us to draw nearer to his cheerful fire; "it is a night befitting our purpoſe, ſo now to obey you, Miſs Auckland, and purſue it."

Nearly three parts of a century have elapſed ſince Hildebrand ap-Howel and Urſula, the fair heireſs of Llewellyn were contracted by the policy and ambition of their ill-judging fathers; inauſpicious proved the contract, unjoyous the union. Hildebrand had juſt

attained his twenty-first year—the gentle Urſula was entering her ſeventeenth; and ſtill though ſo very young, ſhe had plighted her vows of everlaſting conſtancy, tenderneſs, and fidelity to a moſt deſerving youth, diſtantly related to her by her departed mother.

Previous to beſtowing her hand on the proud Hildebrand, ſhe threw herſelf at the feet of her father, confeſſed her guiltleſs affection, and implored his mercy to preſerve her from a man ſhe muſt ever fear, inſtead of reverence—ſhrink from, inſtead of love.

Tears,

Tears, remonſtrance, prayers, all availed her nothing—nothing pleaded in the boſom of her determined, obdurate father; and in a ſad and evil hour ſhe conſtrainedly became the wife of the haughty Hildebrand ap-Howel.

She had not been many weeks the married victim, before her lover, ardent in the purſuit of fame and fortune for her he only wiſhed to live for, after a day of glory, lay ſtretched a clay-cold corpſe on the enſanguined plains of India.

The tidings reached her; ſhe ſurvived them, but the repreſſed agony of

ſecret thought proved too much for mild enduring Nature; it brought on premature indiſpoſition, and, to the diſtreſs of her friends, and the conſternation of her huſband, ſhe gave being to a boy in the ſeventh month of pregnancy.

The child lived, and did well; ſhe recovered, but appeared the ſhadow of her former beauteous ſelf, while a deep melancholy blighted the every cheerful grace of her innocent life.

Her father, when he beheld the darling prop of worn-out exiſtence, who had fondly watched his every wiſh,

wiſh, lingering a life of wretchedneſs, too late regretted his obduracy in forcing her to the ill-concerted marriage; his paſſions ſtrong, his nature violent, he could not brook the failure of his hopes and purpoſes, and ſoon expired in his ſuffering daughter's arms.

Hugh Llewellyn, a dependant couſin of the poor Urſula's, by the moſt ſervile arts, fawning attention, and inſidious means, ingratiated himſelf into the good graces and confidence of Sir Hildebrand. *His* father had alſo retired to the abode of his anceſtors, leaving him in undiſturbed poſſeſſion of his vaſt eſtates.

Fatal, moſt fatal was this friendſhip to Urſula and her deſcendants. The nature of Hugh was deep, deſigning, and crafty; that of Sir Hildebrand reſerved, ſullen, and ſuſpicious, and therefore but too ready to credit the ſlanders of his inſidious friend. He had never loved the ſweet partner of his bed, and ſoon became coldly indifferent, and then cruelly tyrannic, rendering her a married wretch indeed!

In this temper of mind, his deteſted arts but too eaſily took effect on the huſband; his inſinuations, his forgeries, his complottings, infuſed the vileſt ſuſpicions into the heart of Sir Hildebrand,

deſtroying all confidence in his wife, and inducing him to believe that the ſon ſhe bore him was the child of her favored lover, and that ſhe only conſented to an union with him to hide her inevitable diſgrace, and conſtitute the beloved infant heir to the united fortunes of ap-Howel and Llewellyn.

This idea once entered, ſtrengthened in his ſuſpicious breaſt, and rankled till it reached ſuch a height, that it withered every hope of conjugal peace, and ended in mutual horror and deſtruction.

The fortune Urſula inherited from her father, was unalienably to devolve, after

after her huſband's deceaſe, on her deſcendants; but a certain portion of lands, the dowry of her mother, was hereditary, and failing her, and legitimate offspring, to go to the ſordid-minded Hugh. Far leſs temptation would have carried him to perpetrate actions of the moſt horrid enormity; and this was his primary object for ſullying the fair fame, and blaſting the peace of his unoffending couſin.

Sir Hildebrand, now inflamed with the direſt, blackeſt paſſions that can agitate the human mind, without regard to decency or propriety, openly accuſed his wife, diſavowed his child, and with violence

violence purſued every poſſible meaſure to obtain a divorce; but her life, as ſpotleſs as her ſoul was pure, gave teſtimony againſt his cruel accuſations; and, unſupported by any oſtenſible proof, the Court diſmiſſed the cauſe, as unbecoming and indecent in a huſband and a father to prefer.

With heavineſs did his diſappointed wiſhes fall on the innocent head of Urſula.

He confined her in the Caſtle of Llangarron, cloſed her from the light of Heaven, ſeparated her from her child, and exerciſed every cruelty

tyranny

tyranny could invent, to force a confeſſion from her tortured lips, that the child belonged not to him.

Her upright mind ſcorned his utmoſt malice, defied his extremeſt vengeance; ſhe could ſuffer, ſhe could die, but neither wrong nor baſtardize her ſon.

Days, months, and years elapſed; ſhe was eſtranged from the world, ſecluded from her child, and lingered the pining victim of ſorrow, till the youth had attained his fifteenth year; when her pure ſpirit bade adieu to the

ſufferings

ſufferings of mortality, and ſhe became an angel of light.

With little attention had the young Hildebrand been reared, yet Nature had been bountiful, and Heaven juſt; for in figure, ſenſe, and ſenſibility, he proved himſelf the ſon of his virtuous mother.

Still his father diſowned and diſregarded him; and he was left unheeded, unſupported, to ſhape his fortunes as he might.

He choſe the profeſſion of arms; but before he ſet out on his firſt campaign, as volunteer, after having been rejected by

by his unnatural father, and all aid, notice, or even bleſſing, denied to his ardent prayers, and oft repeated ſolicitations, he privately married the young and lovely daughter of a country Squire, not many miles diſtant from the domains of Sir Hildebrand.

This was the completion of all, and brought every feeling to a climax:—if his father could love, if he was capable of one tender ſenſation, this young beauty had excited it; and unconſulted by her parent, who put nothing in competition with his horſes and dogs, he was to have received her hand at the altar the week following that, in which

which his deſerted ſon bore away the charming prize.

Enfrenzied by diſappointed paſſion, inflamed by hatred and revenge, he bitterly, madly vowed to take effectual means to diſinherit the viperous baſtard, if death and perdition were the conſequence.

No ſooner then had the young ſoldier and his bride (pardoned, protected, and ſupported by her father, who loved her as well as he could any creature on two legs), embarked for a foreign ſhore, than Sir Hildebrand married the rude, uncultivated daughter of a poor ignorant farmer,

farmer, with no other view than to bring him heirs that would, and ſhould be early taught to conteſt the right of inheritance at his death; but Heaven, to puniſh his demerits, and oppreſſions to the unerring martyred Urſula, viſited him with retributive vengeance.

Three months after his ill-conſidered union, Lady ap-Howel announced her pregnancy; his joy was extravagant, his exultation unſeemly on the occaſion; he loaded her with coſtly preſents and finery, provided for all her indigent, vulgar relations, and proudly vaunted "he ſhould now have *a child of his own to heir his fortune.*"

Oh

Oh the vanity, the weakneſs of human expectation! One day, that he found himſelf rather unwell, he unexpectedly returned from hunting; but being unwilling to alarm his wife in her delicate condition, he quietly entered the Caſtle, and retiring to a bed-room ſeldom occupied, threw himſelf on the bed to take an hour's repoſe, which he hoped would recover him.

His eyes were about to cloſe, when a voice ſtruck upon his ear, that reached the inmoſt receſſes of his heart.

"Be quiet, can't you, Ralph? Name o Cot! can't you be quiet for a little? The

The old curmudgeon won't. Uph upon him! he ſhan't live long—and then, have not you made ſure of me? Pleſs my ſoul, you got the child—he gets the money and lands! Name o Cot and amen! Well then—uph upon you!—dear, dear!"

All was huſhed; the brain of Sir Hildebrand felt burſting, the blood boiled in his veins, and with the fury of the wildeſt maniac, he ruſhed into the adjoining apartment, when, to his petrified ſight, appeared his immaculate ſpouſe with her favorite Ralph—no matter how.

Rage

Rage and horror nerved every ſinew; and while he held the *very innocent* pair, with the lungs of a Stentor he aſſembled the houſehold domeſtics to witneſs that, which his own eyes were burſting from their ſockets to behold. He then releaſed them from his graſp, when her Ladyſhip flew from the Caſtle, and took refuge in the houſe of her father; and her enamorata, ſcratching his head, and looking with all his vacancy of thought, *axed* pardon, and hoped his Worſhip would not hang him, "as he only did as his Worſhip's lady would have him."

No, Sir Hildebrand did not hang him, "leſt he ſhould never do as his Worſhip's lady would have him again;" but he introduced her Ladyſhip's name to the annals of that well-known Court, where marrying and unmarrying form the principal hiſtories.

His evidence was clear, indiſputed; he was ſet at liberty to make a third experiment; yet ſtill the worm, that could only die with himſelf, gnawed his vitals: law obliged him to father her child, though he was conſcious Ralph was its true and natural father.

The

The child proved a daughter; it was born in the houſe of its grandfather, and reared as he and the mother deemed fit; for Sir Hildebrand vowed, bitterly vowed, to mutilate, murder the curſed ſpawn if ever it poiſoned his ſight.

The Baronet's marriage with the farmer's daughter ſtruck a deadly blow to the hopes and expectations of the crafty Hugh; the reward of all his treachery and machinations was about to be wreſted from his avaricious graſp, juſt when he thought himſelf ſecure of the whole. To avert it was beyond his power, for a reſolution once formed with Sir Hildebrand, was immutable;

therefore in rage, revenge, and diſguſt, ill, very ill concealed, he eſtranged himſelf from Llangarron Caſtle, and with rancorous melancholy brooded over his diſappointments.

Meanwhile the natural propenſities of Sir Hildebrand gathered ſtrength; his every paſſion acquired violence, and thoſe circumſtances which ſhould have awakened remorſe and penitence, only gave an added rancor and firmneſs to his primary guilt.

For a ſhort time he quitted the abode of his anceſtors, and repaired no one knew whither; but on his return he diſcharged

diſcharged his houſehold, only retaining one man and woman to do the domeſtic drudgery. He never went out beyond the barrier gates: no one was admitted, no letters received, and to his affairs every body was a ſtranger. Thus, a torture to himſelf, and the dread and deteſtation of others, he lived gloomy, abſtracted, and forlorn. Days, weeks, years he lingered, hated and hating, and at length expired the victim of himſelf, a wretched miſanthrope. No ſoft hand cloſed his dying eyes, no tributary ſigh embalmed his memory, no tender tear bedewed his cold remains.

He was no ſooner laid with the duſt of his forefathers, than with the rapacity of vultures, Hugh Llewellyn, and the mother of Ralph's child, the repudiated Lady ap-Howel, burſt into the Caſtle, and with their ſeparate harpies of the law, put in their equally ill-ſupported claims and pretenſions to his effects; Hugh as the preſumptive heir, and her quondam Ladyſhip as mother and guardian to the young heireſs, Joan ap-Howel.

My ſon was then living; he had known and eſteemed the virtues, and alſo commiſerated the wrongs of the real heir, Hildebrand ap-Howel, the ſon

ſon of Urſula; and the father of his wife having long paid the debt of nature, and his eſtates in the poſſeſſion of the next male heir, in defiance of frowns and threats, he appeared for him among them.

The drawers, bureaus, cabinets, all were in vain ſearched for the will of the deceaſed; all was uproar, rude contention, indecent wrangling, and wild commotion. At length the domeſtic he had retained, and who had pitied, while he ſerved and ſuffered, entered, and preſented Hugh with a ſealed paper, which he ſaid was found under the

pillows by his wife, when doing the neceſſary offices for the corpſe.

Every heart now beat with expectation and impatience; devouring avarice, rapacious injuſtice, with ſtaring eye, extended mouth, and ready hand, ſtood eager to gripe what might be caught. Only my ſon was ſilent, decent.

Hugh received the paper, and broke the ſeal; his eyes caſt one fearful glance over it, when ſomething between a howl of horror, and a gaſp of agony, eſcaped him, and the paper fell from his trembling hand.

My

My ſon took it up; the peruſal required but little time.

" In perfect reaſon, in ſound ſenſe, I bequeath to all—my horrors—my miſeries——alſo my hell — — — and all elſe they may, or can find.

" *Hildebrand ap-Howel.*"

In Continuation.

" Poor, poor wretch! Loſt, unhappy man!" continued the worthy Curate; " he bore his reſentments, his revenge, to

thoſe regions where love and mercy cloſe them out for ever.

Upon inveſtigation it was found that he had drawn all his vaſt property from the public funds, mortgaged his extenſive lands to their utmoſt value, and even diſpoſed of the family plate, and every article of coſtly furniture belonging to the Caſtle; this, from the date of different receipts, was all tranſacted during the ſhort period he was abſent from Llangarron:—all was gone, no veſtige appeared, no clue to guide any one—all was buried in impenetrable myſtery; nor have ſucceeding years emitted one ray to diſſipate the darkneſs.

The

The amiable, the unfortunate Hildebrand fell on a day memorable for the effuſion of human blood; he fell univerſally beloved, univerſally lamented. His Lady ſoon ſought, ſoon had the cold ſhelter of his early grave; both ſleep in peace, forgetful, eternally forgetful of the world, and its wrongs.

The ſmall-pox, at an early age, carried off the daughter of Lady ap-Howel; and her Ladyſhip, tired of a ſingle ſtate, married a ſtrolling Mountebank, and with him left Wales, and has not been heard of ſince.

Hugh Llewellyn, become the indiſputed heir of Llangarron, took poſſeſſion of the deſolate antique fabric:—but whether the power of conſcience, or aught elſe alarmed him, let Heaven, who beſt knows, decide; but he ſoon quitted it in horror and diſmay;—it has often been let—no tenant would ſtay; even the vagrant poor ſhun its gloomy turrets, and all ſay, moans are heard, and ſights ſeen, though none have wiſdom to conjecture why, or courage to enquire what they ſignify, or would impart.

Some feeling, like remorſe, corroded the remaining days of Hugh Llewellyn, which

which adding to the ſtings of diſappointed avarice, he lived with his family unbleſſing and unbleſſed, a pitiable example of a too late repentance, for he was denied the power of making reſtitution, when the gnawing worm of conſcience awakened reflection:—yet was the ſtruggle ſhort—he ſurvived not long the wretched man he had ſo injured, and whoſe peace he had deſtroyed, but with his lateſt breath entreated his family to remove far from Llangarron, and never offer any future claim on the domains. To theſe inſtructions they faithfully adhered; for ſo humiliated and diſgraced were they by the aſperſions and odium caſt on his

memory, that they gladly quitted a ſcene teeming with ſhame and merited reproach.

Since their departure, the Caſtle has been uninhabited, except at intervals, when its beautiful and romantic ſituation has tempted ſtrangers to occupy part of it; but ſo prevalent is ſuperſtition, and ſo fearful are the tales reported of it, that little more than a week terminated their reſidence beneath its turrets."——

The Curate bowed; he had concluded his intereſting narrative, when I

demanded whether the ſon of Sir Hildebrand had left any family?

"It was rumoured," he replied, "that he left one child; but if he did, moſt probably it ſoon joined its ill-fated parents in a better, happier ſtate; for no tidings of one ever reached Llangarron, and I am apt to believe the once flouriſhing race is now totally extinct."

Our frugal evening repaſt is announced; ſo I will bid my loved friend adieu till to-morrow, when I may add a few lines.

Deareſt

Deareſt Arabella, bear me ever in remembrance, for I muſt love thee and thy virtues till memory is no more.

Edwardina Auckland.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I HAVE not diſpatched my laſt, and yet continue to write; for Oh Arabella! my heart is harrowed up with anguiſh, and the wildneſs of ſtrange conjecture whirls my burning brain to temporary frenzy.

When

When ſupper was on table laſt night, my mother's preſence was requeſted. She came not, but Jenny appeared, ſaying, her Lady would take an egg in her own room; had ſent an affectionate good-night to me and all, but begged ſhe might not be diſturbed by any obtruſion whatever.

"Good God, Jenny!" I exclaimed, in agony, "what means all this? Why does my mother, ever ſo fond, ſo confiding in me, now interdict my attendance?"

"She loves you Miſs as dearly, perhaps dearer than ever," replied ſhe; while

while an inexplicable ſomething pervaded her countenance:—" only to-night ſubmit to her pleaſure; ſhe is very well, but buſy writing; pray be compoſed."

Tears, that would not be reſtrained, continued to ruſh down my cheeks; and before I could return any anſwer, ſhe had reached the apartment of my mother: and the worthy, gentle-ſouled Curate, with the tenderneſs of a father, led me to my ſeat, and began one of his jocund tales, to beguile me of my ſaddened thoughts;

" But nothing could a charm impart,
" To ſooth poor Edwy's woe;
" For grief lay heavy at her heart, &c."

I ſoon

I ſoon retired to my little cloſet, which adjoins my mother's room; I liſtened for a ſound; but no—all was ſilent, quiet as the grave. I looked through the key-hole—not a glimmer appeared; all was dark. I could not ſuſtain my feelings, could not conquer my gloomy terrors; even her diſpleaſure would be more ſupportable—I muſt hazard it!

Approaching the door, I knocked—ſtill ſilence prevailed; I called, while tremors ſhook my voice—"Mama, Oh mama! only one word—in mercy one word!"

I prayed

I prayed in vain; no cheering ſound bleſſed my anxious ear, my aching heart. How could it? My accents reached her not; I could endure no more, but with the ſtrength that frantic agony communicated, I burſt open the door, and beheld only the vacant chamber—alas! no mother!

I ſhrieked, and ſoon aſſembled Mr. Meredith and the family. I needed not to aſſign a reaſon for my diſtreſs, my alarming cries; already it was known, felt; and with a conſternation, not unblended with fear, he piouſly folded his hands, meekly ſaying, "Eternal Providence

Providence defend her! Where can ſhe be?"

"I will go, I will fly this inſtant," cried I, wildly, while horrid imaginings ruſhed through my beating brain; "I will go to that witch of wickedneſs, the execrable Tabitha! She was with her this morning.—Stay me not—I will not, muſt not be detained! My mother! Oh my mother! to what doſt thou reduce thy ſuffering child!"

Mr. Meredith, with that wiſdom, that kindneſs which diſtinguiſhes all his ways, allowed my violence to exhauſt itſelf, and then, with a paternal fondneſs,

fondneſs, promiſed, by break of day, to attend me to Tabitha's dwelling, and wherever elſe conjecture might direct us.

Jenny now confeſſed that her Lady had left the houſe early in the evening, and threatened her with the ſevereſt diſpleaſure, even diſmiſſion, if ſhe did not ſtrictly obey her commands, and conceal her ſecret expedition. This was all we could learn; for ſhe ſolemnly declared herſelf totally ignorant where ſhe was gone, or for what purpoſe.

Truth beamed in her eyes as ſhe ſpoke—I could not doubt her; but retaining

retaining her with me, now impatiently wait the earlieſt dawn of returning morning.

I would not wait it, for Oh! my feelings, my fears, ill-brook the horrors of incertainty; but if I had perſiſted, ſo would Mr. Meredith to attend me; and his feeble age could little ſuſtain the chilling, unwholeſome damps of this piercing ſeaſon.

Arabella, Oh Arabella! what may, what will the light of day preſent me? My brain burſts with whirling thoughts, my heart ſwells with convulſive horrors, and hardly can my cold, cold breaſt contain the trembling tenant!

The

The lowly church clock ſtrikes the hour of three. Jenny ſlumbers; her mother ſleeps in peace—mine!——The darkened ſky emits a lighter ſtreak—ſurely it is the dawn!—Day breaks—Mr. Meredith is here.

Arabella, I go.—Oh watchful Parent! God of wiſdom! Protector of depending Nature! direct the ſteps, and let thy better angels cheer the way; and, what is my prayer, my mother again, moſt Gracious! Oh ſhield the wretched Edwardina! — — —
— — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — —

In

In Continuation.

Attended by Mr. Meredith, I haſtened to the lowly hut of the ſuſpected Tabitha; for Oh! ſuperſtition, and all its dreareſt horrors poſſeſſed my ſhrinking ſpirit. The miſerable hovel ſtands almoſt hid by a cluſter of old heavy trees. With trembling feet I advanced, and knocked loudly at the door; only echo reverberated the ſounds. I called, called again, and at length a little caſement was thrown open, and a head appeared; but whether Tabitha, or not, through the grey dawn of a miſty

misty morning, was undistinguishable. "Tabitha——" I could respire no more. Mr. Meredith continued:——

"Tabitha, is Mrs. Auckland with you? or know you where she is?"

"Name o Cot, it is our Parson himself! Bless his tear soul! I am only Tabitha's niece; Mrs. Auckland is not here—she went with aunt yesterday to tea."

"Where, my good woman?"

"To the Parson's, to be sure; or to—but I can't tell, not I."

I turned from the hated door; anguiſh ſhook my frame; I felt a gloomy deſperation, and wildly cried, "To the Caſtle ruins!—I will go to the Caſtle ruins!"

"Be compoſed, my dear child," interrupted the Curate, "be compoſed; I will attend you any, every where, till we diſcover your mother. Dear ſufferer! though ſhe has given way to ſtrong feelings, and indulged gloomy imaginings till her mind is become weak, imbecile, and ſuperſtitious, ſtill I muſt think ſhe can juſtify the apparent myſtery of her preſent conduct."

I liſtened,

I liſtened, ſilently liſtened, but unſatisfied, unconvinced, uncomforted, reached the gates of Llangarron Caſtle.

The ſun was now breaking through the receding clouds; the earlieſt birds were tuning their matin ſongs; all nature ſeemed ſerene, and only Edwardina ſorrowed, ſuffered.

We entered the dreary edifice; all was ſolitary, deſolate. We traverſed each ghaſtly apartment, each dreary receſs, each gloomy paſſage. We called, and called again; all was deſerted, all was ſilent. In horror and diſconſolation we were retiring, thinking no

crevice of the building unexplored, when, on the lower ſtep of a turret, (little frequented even when the noble ſtructure was inhabited), lay a handkerchief, which I knew my mother had in her pocket the day before. "She has been here, Sir!" cried I, gaſping, and at the ſame moment ſtooped to pick it up: "ſhe has been here! Oh!——" I ſtopped in breathleſs aſtoniſhment, for the handkerchief felt as if rivetted to the ſtep. Mr. Meredith, more collected, more capable of acting, alſo ſtooped to examine the ſeeming phenomenon; and with ſurpriſe, not unpleaſing, not unaccompanied by ſtrange conjecture, diſcovered that

that it ſtuck between the opening of a door, ſo nicely conſtructed, that it appeared like the ſurrounding wall, except on a moſt minute and narrow inſpection, when the chaſm was juſt perceptible.

I threw myſelf on the ſtairs, and, if poſſible, would have penetrated a door, which felt hard as adamant. Alas! alas! feeble, ineffectual was the effort; no impreſſion could be made, and frantic with my emotions, I cried, "Here I will ſtay, here periſh, unleſs I find my mother!"

Mr. Meredith knew not how to direct me, or act himſelf; he kept a profound ſilence, while I, with my head reclined on the ſtep, ſoon heard, or fancied that I heard, a ſtrange rumbling noiſe beneath. The ſound grew louder, and at length ſhrieks of a human voice were diſtinguiſhable. I heard it, knew it, for the diſcordant tones of Tabitha could not be miſtaken.

"That ſpirit of wickedneſs, that witch of——" I had time for no more invective, for in the inſtant a heavy bolt fell, the ponderous oaken door burſt open, and Tabitha, pale, ſhaking,

and

and almoſt convulſed, appeared, crying, in accents of horror, "She is dead—ſhe found—Sir Hildebrand has killed her too! Oh help, help!!"

I ſtarted on my feet, ruſhed through the opening, and, followed by the Curate, ſtopped not till at the bottom of a ſpiral ſtair, where, in a large circular cave, unillumined, except by the quivering glimmer of a lantern, lay, to all appearance in the icy arms of Death, my beloved mother!

Petrified with nameleſs fears, with horrors unimagined before, I became nearly as inſenſate as her I mourned.

Mr. Meredith raiſed her; ſhe had reclined, or fallen on an Indian cabinet of curious workmanſhip, which now claimed the paſſing notice of a moment. In her hand was graſped an unfolded parchment, which diſplayed in different parts the name of Hildebrand ap-Howel. All was wonderful, and might have excited various conjectures, but my mother alone engaged our mutual cares — alone occupied our anxious thoughts. I had ſome ſpirits of vinegar in my pocket; my trembling hands applied them, and with tranſport I ſoon beheld ſigns of returning life, and in a few minutes ſhe revived ſufficiently to articulate.

" My

"My child, my Edwy," ſaid the dear woman, in ſoft, in tender accents; "where do you ſeek, where find your mother? And you, my benevolent Mr. Meredith—I have a tale of wonder; help to remove me—I will explain, unfold all that has remained long buried in myſtery, and the darkneſs of theſe caves."

She turned to look for her old attendant Tabitha, and not ſeeing her, anxiouſly enquired whether ſhe was ſafe.

We ſatisfied her, and while ſupporting her home, communicated our fears,

our meeting with Tabitha, and all ſhe wiſhed to learn from us.

Full of joy for her dear ſafety as was my beating heart, I yet, with ſtrange ſurmiſes, obſerved that ſhe carefully depoſited the paper ſhe had graſped, in her pocket-book.

"This," ſaid ſhe, with a look of inexplicable meaning; "this——" but ſhe ſuddenly ſtopped.

"What of it, my deareſt mama? Will it repay you the trouble of the night—me my agony? Does it concern us?"

"It

"It concerns the deſcendants of Sir Hildebrand ap-Howel."

"It may, dear Madam; but do any of them now exiſt? I fear not.

"Do you?" ſaid ſhe, ſmiling; "then baniſh the fear; they are as likely to live as you, my Edwy."

"Indeed! then, though they have cauſed me a night of ſorrow, all good betide them!"

"Amen, my child!" reſponded my mother, folding her hands; and in perfect ſilence we reached the Curate's

dwelling, and ſat down to a peaceful breakfaſt.

My pleaſure was now wild and ungovernable; for beholding my mother, not only ſafe, compoſed, and collected, but eaſy and even cheerful, I indulged the happy, happy hope that her late ſtrange, abſtracted humours would no more return.

Tabitha, unbidden, had yet followed us to Mr. Meredith's; and my mother, with kind attention, deſired her to breakfaſt with Jenny. Methought the wrinkled body never looked ſo pleaſed or pleaſing: yet I wondered at her good-

good-humoured freedom with me; for in ſhewing her to Jenny's little room, ſhe laughingly ſaid, "Miſs, ſhall I tell your fortune now? And ſo you really thought poor old Tabby a witch? Lord help us! they ſay grey hairs are honorable, but—but no matter; come to me to-morrow, Miſs, and I will tell your fortune without being either wiſer or wickeder than my neighbours."

I anſwered her jeſts with jeſting, and having conſigned her to the care of Jenny, with a light and merry heart, returned to the preſence of my mother.

She

She appeared in ſerious, yet pleaſed converſation with the Curate. My entrance ſeemed to interrupt her diſcourſe, and I moved as if to retire, but ſhe called me to ſtay, adding, "Come hither, my love; you have too long endured too much anxiety on my account, not to deſerve every explanation the grateful affection of a mother can offer."

She claſped me to her boſom, kiſſed me, bleſſed me, and wiſhed Horace, Arundle, and her Arabella were alſo within the circle of her arms. My tears fell on her neck, yet they were tears of pleaſure.

"Do

"Do not weep, my ſweet affectionate child; your mother—but I muſt connect my ſtrange, ſtrange ſcattered ſtory. Worthy Mr. Meredith, you knew, and well remember Sir Hildebrand ap-Howel; you have related to Edwardina his fatal miſapprehenſions, his unhappy life, and unlamented death; he lived deſolate and childleſs, yet died a miſerable father, died—ſtart not—my—my grandfather!"

Gracious God! Arabella, how wonderful, how inſcrutable are the ways of Providence! Who, among the ſons and daughters of mortality dare ſay, I am born to this, reſerved for that?—

Arabella,

Arabella, here let us pauſe, contemplate Divine wiſdom, Divine clemency, and never let the child of humanity, if portioned with innocence, admit deſpair. —

— — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — —

" Our excellent friend, my Edwardina," reſumed my mother, "informs me that you are not unacquainted with the melancholy circumſtances which marked the fate of the ill-judging and much deceived Sir Hildebrand ap-Howel. He died as he had lived, at enmity with the human kind, and at variance with himſelf."

It

It is neceſſary to inform you, that Tabitha and her late huſband were the domeſtics he retained, when he ſhut out the world, and all its concerns, from the frozen manſion of his ravaged heart; and from this ſame Tabitha I have learned what I now am about to communicate.

Sir Hildebrand ap-Howel had ſtrong natural talents; and though he was vulnerable, open to the ſhafts which cruel, deſigning avarice levelled at his peace, he ſoon began to ſuſpect that Hugh Llewellyn had more in view than his conviction of his wife's infidelity, and

and therefore he became the object of his ſuſpicion and abhorrence.

"It is known that he drew all his vaſt property from the funds, mortgaged his lands, and ſecreted every family valuable; but how he diſpoſed of the immenſe treaſure, is yet to be related, as well as other circumſtances now buried in darkneſs.

"My ſiſter, Lady Haverland, and I, are the twin deſcendants of his ill-fated ſon and the amiable Urſula. On a day moſt luckleſs to the brave ſons of Britain, fell my courageous father. My mother, very near her time, heart-

ſick

ſick of life, after all that rendered it dear was no more, lived but a few days, after giving us the precarious gift of exiſtence.

" Colonel and Mrs. Emmerſon, who loved her virtues, and commiſerated her ſorrows, and who well knew their ſtrange hapleſs hiſtory, promiſed, over her dying bed, to be a father and a mother to her little orphans.

" This aſſurance cheered the gloomy hour of parting nature. She had requeſted Mrs. Emmerſon to either diſcloſe, or conceal the circumſtances of our family, as her diſcretion might in future

future counſel. She took us in her feeble arms, gave all ſhe had to give—a dying mother's prayer and bleſſing, and reſigned her pure ſpirit into the gracious hands of a great Creator.

" Moſt ſacredly, moſt tenderly did our beloved Colonel and Mrs. Emmerſon perform this voluntary vow; we never knew the want of a father's care, a mother's love.

" My ſiſter, lovely and accompliſhed, yet proud, high-ſpirited, and ambitious, at an early age attached the heart, and accepted the hand of the generous Lord Haverland.

" She

" She had never poſſeſſed the ſoft, conciliating qualities to intereſt ſo mild a ſpirit as Mrs. Emmerſon's, and therefore was honored with a leſs ſhare of her confidence and eſteem; and it was while on a viſit to a young friend at Bath (and her excurſions were frequent), that ſhe firſt ſaw, and married Lord Haverland.

" Some time after her marriage, my dear maternal friend, with affectionate delicacy, communicated the hiſtory of my parents, together with the fatal miſapprehenſions, and the ſtrange unnatural conduct at the very laſt of Sir Hildebrand. I cannot, need not deſcribe

deſcribe my various emotions as ſhe portrayed my parents' ſufferings; they were ſad, tender, very complicated, and they excited an anxious, ardent wiſh to viſit the Caſtle of Llangarron, and learn if I had any relative ſurviving, on whoſe feelings I had any claim, to whoſe affection I had any pretenſion.

" The amiable lady would have indulged me, gratified the irreſiſtible deſire I felt, and accompanied me to Wales the following ſummer. During the winter it was my fate alſo to be introduced to Mr. Auckland. My ſiſter had honored him with preference, but he encouraged not the over-

ture her friend's huſband made, but with all the ardor of impaſſioned regard, he ſolicited, and obtained my hand. My ſiſter, from that hour, bore me deadly enmity. Alas! alas! but my Auckland is no more—every murmur is huſhed.

" To ſecure his wandering affections, to moderate his extravagant propenſities, and to watch a lovely and numerous family, occupied the every hour, engaged the every thought of each lengthened year. Llangarron—my grandfather — his treaſures — even my parents were obliterated from my mind; nor can I aver that they claimed

even

even the recollection of a paſſing moment, till my declining health induced my affectionate children to urge a trial of my native air to reſtore it.

" I conſented, arrived; memory was buſy, and I commenced my operations, but carefully concealed them from you, my Edwardina, knowing the ſanguine mind of youth ill-brooks the diſappointment of its favourite purpoſes.

" By artful enquiries, minute, yet cautious inveſtigation, I diſcovered Tabitha had attended my grandfather during his lateſt years, and had witneſſed his dying moments.

" Her

" Her huſband often, with terror and diſmay, had beheld his anguiſhed conflicts. Juſtice and revenge, remorſe and penitence, by turns aſſailed him. His mind was a chaos of horror, and often recollection whirled him to temporary frenzy. During his many fits of gloomy abſtraction, the faithful Morgan was wont to watch his motions, leſt, in ſome hour of heavineſs, he ſhould terminate a being evidently a burden; and often he obſerved him ſteal to the turret in which you found me, looking at the ſame time cautiouſly around him, leſt his motions ſhould be watched by his poor wretched attendants.

 " Thither,

"Thither, from time to time, he carried his money, plate, and jewels; and poor Morgan had reſolved, if he outlived him, to ſeek out ſome relation of the unhappy man's, in order that he might be benefited by the hidden ſtores;—but one unfortunate day the piercing eye of his ever ſuſpicious maſter diſcovered him watching, when, with the moſt terrible threatenings, he obliged him to ſwear, in the moſt awful manner, that he never would diſcloſe either what he had, or might in future witneſs. Aghaſt with horror and affright, the poor man obeyed, and ſolemnly adhered to his enforced oath, for he died without even hinting to Tabitha

Tabitha that ſuch an important ſecret was in his poſſeſſion. But female curioſity being ſtrong, ſhe had watched her huſband as narrowly as he had done his maſter, and with ſuperſtitious terror had often ſeen him diſappear in that turret. In vain ſhe queſtioned, tempted him to betray his ſecret; he was ſilent as the grave, and ſhe owed all her knowledge of the tranſaction to the happy art of liſtening: for no ſooner was her huſband cloſed up in the turret with Sir Hildebrand ap-Howel, than her ear was on the watch. One day, a very ſhort period before Sir Hildebrand bade adieu to mortal ſufferings, ſhe overheard him, in a paroxyſm of

agony, debating with her huſband, or rather with himſelf, what to do. The gloomy conqueror of nature viſited him with all his terrors; and conſcience having torn the veil of deluſion from his mind, he would have been juſt had unſatisfied vengeance allowed him. Hugh Llewellyn he abhorred; his ſon he had abjured, diſclaimed.

"He had torn from his expecting boſom the woman that he hoped would have reſtored his tranquillity, bleſſed him with unſuſpected heirs, and given him a place among the ranks of human kind; yet could he have inveſted *their* offspring with his wealth and diſtinc-

tions

tions without gratifying *them*, and owning himſelf as unmerciful as unjuſt, he would have healed the wounds of his lacerated ſpirit, and ſoftened the bed of death by the reſtitution of all; but that was impoſſible: and contending paſſions, while they wrung him, gnawed him at heart, and haſtened him to an unpitied grave!"

"Never, by my God!" he cried, when ſtretched on the bed from which he never roſe, "never ſhall he or her inherit—no, nor their ſon, ſhould fifty ſpring to life; that would gratify them, and diſappoint my vengeful purpoſe. But his deſcendants—yes, they may—

yes—but until God directs them how, and where, here, unknown to, and unseen by all, but that ever watchful God, shall all lay hid, buried, buried deep; never, never shall it bless them, cheer them, satisfy a want throughout their days: then vengeance is complete, full, perfect! Yet, Oh Almighty Being! in after-ages guide the race, *if mine it is*—yes, the race of my most wretched self to these abodes! But dare I pray? No, no—horror—horror—no!"

"In one of these dreadful despairing fits he expired. Morgan survived him not long, and poor Tabitha, unremembered,

bered, unrewarded for her long and painful ſervices, was left to ſtruggle with old age, infirmities, and the bleakeſt poverty.

"I ſoon diſcovered to her, and it needed little rhetoric to convince her, that I was the grand-daughter of Sir Hildebrand ap-Howel; and no oath binding her to ſecrecy, ſhe gladly and moſt faithfully imparted all ſhe knew. Often we together traverſed the ruins of the Caſtle, explored every receſs, but in vain looked for any entrance to the turret, though ſhe ever perſiſted that there, and there alone, all muſt be depoſited.

"At length, with much trouble and care, we discovered an aperture, which proved the door. Dauntless I descended, and there found, my child, what gives princely independence to my family, and immense wealth to Lady Haverland. I shall not now give to the generous Arundle a beggared wife, nor will our precious Arabella have united her gentleness to a mendicant. In my right, I being the first-born of the twins, he inherits, by Sir Hildebrand's will, the lands of Llangarron, on condition that the name and arms are assumed. The mortgages will be instantly redeemed, and only the return of our beloved soldiers, and Lord Haverland's

Haverland's preſence, is wanting to arrange matters, which will give affluence and happineſs to all moſt precious to my heart.

"And you, my dear and worthy friend," continued my mother, turning to Mr. Meredith, who had liſtened with pious pleaſure, with adoring wonder, "you, my friend, who in hours of want and ſuffering—even when all the world forſook me, and calamity was ſtrong, gave me the kindly ſhelter of your hoſpitable home, and, like the good Samaritan, poured the wine and oil of compaſſion into my wounds, ſhall ever, while gratitude can warm a heart,

ſhare my proſperity, as you ſoftened my adverſity. My home ſhall be your home, your family my family, and verily and indeed, death only ſhall part thee and me."——

The tears of gratitude fell from the good man's eyes upon the hand my mother held extended to him. He roſe from his ſeat, bowed, and in ſpeechleſs emotion quitted the room.

Beloved Arabella, what an enormous packet I ſend! What wonderful, what tranſporting tidings I impart! Oh come to us! Haſten, and ſhare the felicity of thy adoring friends; my ſatisfaction,

my joys are imperfect, till perſonally ſhared with the choſen ſiſter of your fond and faithful

Edwardina Auckland.

LETTER XII.

Mrs. Auckland, Jun. to Mrs. Penroſe.

MY DEAR AUNT,

FROM a ſtrange complication of events and adventures, my letters to Edwardina, and her's to me, had not been diſpatched, though written for a conſiderable number of days; and during that

that little lapſe of time, mighty God! what ſurpaſſing wonders has not thy gracious wiſdom brought to light!

Lord Haverland and I arrived at Llangarron Cottage at an early hour laſt night. Conceive my feelings when told the beloved inhabitants had been turned out becauſe unable to pay the rent, and were ſheltered by the humanity of a Mr. Meredith, the Curate of Llangarron Church. Let me hide what I experienced, from your gentle, feeling nature; let me, to heal the wound it gave, obliterate it from remembrance. But Oh tenacious memory! while thou holdeſt thy ſeat in Arabella's boſom, ſtill

ſtill the recollection will claim the tribute of a tear.

I left the hated cottage; execrations roſe to my lips, but I remembered the gentle beings who had ſuffered, and practiſed that, they would have taught: yet with indignation did I ſhake the duſt from my feet at the threſhold, leſt it ſhould contaminate a happier, better dwelling, where, in a few minutes more, I was claſped to the maternal boſom of my beloved Mrs. Auckland, and then in the arms of the dear Edwardina.

What

What tidings — what wonderful, tranſporting tidings ſaluted my ear! A deſcription of the paſſing ſcene would fade beneath my pen;—I am unequal to the taſk; but to gratify your ever affectionate heart, peruſe, my deareſt aunt, Edwardina's packet, which, ere this, will have reached Tregelly Farm. Open it, read, and with us worſhip the gracious Providence that watches over all his creatures!——To-morrow we leave—we all leave Llangarron; the Curate, his family, and all leave it for London. My dear Lord Haverland inſiſts that we all reſide with him till the arrival of my beloved Horace, who, with Arundle, is daily expected.

The

The troops have gained a complete victory; it was a day of conqueſt, and my triumphant hero haſtens to lay his laurels at Arabella's feet. He and Arundle write in high and happy ſpirits; their letters met us at Bath, where Lord Haverland had ordered them to be ſent, previous to our leaving Tregelly.

Duty and love to my dear uncle; tell him he cannot now deny that old Caſtles diſcover ſtrange things. Kiſs my ſweet couſins for me, and accept, my deareſt Madam, every tender and dutiful ſentiment that glows within the grateful, happy boſom of your

Arabella Auckland.

THE CONCLUSION.

SHOULD the preceding pages have had the good fortune to beguile one vacant hour of its tedium, or intereſt the feelings of any who have vouchſafed them even a paſſing glance, to ſuch it may not be unſatisfactory to know, that the brave Horace Auckland, and his generous friend, Orlando Arundle, in a very few days after the correſpondence cloſed, arrived in Britain, and flew with rapture to thoſe they loved.

The

The nuptials of Edwardina and Arundle were celebrated with every poſſible feſtivity within a month, to the mutual joy of all.

It was the pleaſure of a gracious Monarch, who delights to reward bravery, and gratify his ſubjects, at the requeſt of Lord Haverland, to revive in Horace Auckland the dormant title of his maternal anceſtry.

His virtues being reſplendent, and his fortunes immenſe, he did honor to the rank he bore in ſociety, ever diſtinguiſhing himſelf in the field and Cabinet,

Cabinet, as well as in his happy domeſtic circle.

His Arabella lived the happieſt of women, the beſt of wives, moſt excellent of mothers, and endearing of friends.

And it would be injuſtice to the fair Edwardina and her noble Arundle, not to add, that they gave luſtre to the title of Haverland, which, on the death of the worthy Lord, devolved on them; Francis Haverland having died of a deep decline, or rather the ſad victim of early indiſcretions, which led him to the contemplation of deeds of enormity, and

cloſed

closed his short career in regret, penitence, remorse, and despair.

Lady Haverland survived not long the death of her beloved son; but Mrs. Auckland lived to dandle the children of her third generation, as venerated and respectable in age, as she had been admired and loved in youth. Jenny Dalrymple, with the perfect approbation of those who honored her with protection and notice, married Mr. Brunton, yet never left the family, he being appointed steward, and she housekeeper. They had no children, therefore the little Orlando inherited the fruits of their faithful industry and services,

ſervices, though indeed the united protection of Lord Haverland's and Sir Horace Auckland's family rendered it ſuperfluous.

The benevolent Curate never knew a care during his remaining days. His deſcendants were amply provided for, and had ever to bleſs and imitate the humanity that introduced them to the notice of families more diſtinguiſhed for virtues and goodneſs than even wealth and conſequence.

Fortune, that delights in beſtowing her bounties where leaſt wiſhed and wanted, ſtill more enriched Mrs. Auckland's

Auckland's family; Mr. Grimſtone, on his death, left his whole immenſe property to be equally divided between Edwardina and Horace.

Old Tabitha Morgan had reaſon to bleſs the poſterity of Sir Hildebrand; for her age was ſupplied with every wiſh, and a comfortable aſylum in Llangarron Caſtle. Mrs. Auckland always ſupported an eſtabliſhment of her own, though chiefly ſhe reſided, (together with her younger daughters, till they married), with Sir Horace and Edwardina.

Heaven

Heaven bleſſed her with an old age of peace and proſperity, and ſhe never forgot to inculcate, in the minds of her numerous grandchildren, the uſeful leſſon, that

" *Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds,*
" *And though a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.*"

C. H.

FINIS.

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